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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

That's the face, my boy, out yonder—
The light is bad—draw up that window screen;
Deep eyes, you see, with tender shadows under,
But had she, really, eyes like these, I wonder?
And did she look this—every inch a queen?

Had she lovely tawny tresses,
Rippling downward to her dainty feet?
Lips like these, I swear, were made for kisses!
Was her mouth as dewy-red as this is,
Or is it but an artist's fond conceit?

Had she all those pictured graces?
Was she beartsome, wise and debonair?
Wondrous hair to see, this girlish face is,
Looking from a cloud of billowy laces,
Gathered like a wimple o'er her hair!

Did her life flow smoothly, gladly?
There is not the smallest hint to tell.
Some one must have loved her—loved her madly:
And perchance that loving ended sadly,
Some one's airy dreams to fragments fell.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

Again she bent her head upon her hands and thought. Then she looked up, with the lurid light in her eyes that Lady Euphemia Breakspeare had remarked there—a look as though there was fire in her somewhere that was shining through. The aspect of weariness and sickness was gone, and her wan cheeks were lit up with a radiant glow of excitement that made her look of almost unearthly beauty.

"Is it the hand of Providence, or the Evil One himself, that is working for me in this matter?" she said, with a short, bitter laugh. "There is all I want accomplished without any aid from me. Now, what must be the next step? They will give Bracy Burgoyne honorable burial, and then I shall be free—that leaf of my life's history turned—turned—aye, blotted out for ever! If any has aught to impute to me in the future I can point to my husband's tomb, with all his virtues recorded thereon, and bid my traducers be answered there. I am safe—safe, and free!"

But she had a strange coldness at her heart and singing in her ears as she spoke to herself of being free. And when the landlady came in to see how she was, she found her muttering to herself in a strange, wild way, and tossing her head about in incoherent delirium. Before night the nearest doctor declared her illness to be brain fever, and recommended that her friends should be sent for.

Her boxes were opened now to find some clue to her identity, but without success. A quantity of wearing apparel, both masculine and feminine, was brought to light; some good jewelry and a few books, together with a bank-book showing a goodly balance to the account of Mrs. Trentham.

All this was satisfactory, but there was not the slightest trace of a name on anything. The marks had been carefully picked from the clothes, and the fly leaves torn from the books, so there was nothing for it but to nurse her, or send her to a hospital.

"And I won't do that as long as there's all these things to go upon," the woman said, and forthwith began to "go upon" the things by going piecemeal to the nearest pawn shop, a proceeding which the lady did not disapprove of when she came to herself again.

"I didn't know how to get any money any other way, ma'am," the woman said, producing the tickets. "They'll be all right when you want 'em."

But Mrs. Trentham did not seem to care. She took the tickets, and, instead of taking great care of them, she put them into the fire when her landlady's back was turned with a sign of relief, as though she had got rid of an incubus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
—*Herrick.*

Mrs. Trentham came back to the consciousness of the things of this world with her hair cropped short, and her hands thin almost to transparency. Her eyes were large and hollow, and her memory of what had transpired immediately before her illness very fitful and weak.

By and by remembrance came back to her, and she was able to think. Her first request was for a looking glass, her second that Mrs. Johnstone, her landlady, would tell her everything she could recollect that she had said during her delirium.

"Law, my dear, that I can't" said the good woman. "You talked a good lot about most things. You seemed dreadful afraid of being put into a cellar or down a well. The way you would cling to me and screech was something awful."

"Ah, people do fancy strange things, don't they?" said Hilda, quietly. "Did I talk only of wells and cellars, Mrs Johnstone?"

Mrs. Johnstone laughed.

"Oh, no, ma'am, you were very busy playing at being a great lady part of the time. You would be called 'Your grace' and 'My lady,' and you were very high with us all—very."

"I suppose it as pleasant to be a duchess even in one's dreams," the invalid said. "It may be a fore taste of something that is going to happen to me—who knows?"

She was very quiet and docile during her recovery, but no friends came to see or inquire after her, and Mrs. Johnstone could not find that she had any one who could be written to about her illness. It was a great relief to that worthy lady when she became convalescent, and she had not the dread of death in the house before her eyes.

"Not that a death's so much amiss when there's relations and friends to see about things. There's money to be made then, and generally a black gown given," Mrs. Johnstone remarked in confidence to a neighbor. "But a lone young creature like this, with no one to look after her, makes a person feel responsible."

"I have not a friend nearer than America," Hilda told her landlady, "and I shall go there when I get well."

She had lost much of her nervousness, though she was still easily startled, and given to little fits of cold shivers at the sound of strange voices.

In a very few weeks she was able to get about, and began to prepare for her removal. She was going straight to Liverpool, and from thence across the Atlantic, she told her landlady.

The good woman hazarded a question about her husband. She inferred that her tenant was not a widow, and was puzzled.

"No, I shall not meet my husband in America," was Mrs. Trentham's quiet reply. "Do not speak of him, please—it is not a pleasant topic of conversation."

She paid liberally for everything, though no one but herself guessed how cruelly near the bottom of her purse she had come, and went her way, and Stanley Villas knew her no more.

Before she left London she managed to find out where they had buried Bracy Burgoyne. The newspapers told her that much, for his funeral, with not a relative to follow him to the grave, was rather a thing of mark, and she went to Norwood and stood beside the ornate tombstone that recorded how he died, and his name and age.

"There is no truth in the doctrine of chance," she said, as she looked at the glowing white marble. "There was no chance in the coincidence that raised that stone. I can defy the future now, and point to this. By this time the man they have erected this stone to is past all recognition of either love or hate."

She shuddered violently as she spoke; it seemed as though she had conjured up some horrible vision of the corpse that lay beneath the stone, and she was obliged to lean on it for a minute for support.

"Bah!" she said, recovering herself directly, and wiping the cold moisture from her face. "What a cowardly fool I am! I am as beautiful as ever if my glass does not lie—more *spirituelle* and attractive—my hair is more glossy than ever, and will grow again. I have not lost my weapons—they have not rusted with lying by—and yet I am trembling at the thought of entering the lists. I will enter them, and I will win the prize that has slipped so strangely from my grasp, or I will die in the trial."

She turned away from the tomb without one loving, wistful look—without one sigh of regret for the man she had made so unhappy during the best part of the time they had spent together.

"My old life lies buried there," she said, as she walked steadily to the gate, and got in the cab that was waiting for her. "My new one begins from this hour, and I am no woman if I do not make it rise a very Phœnix from the dead ashes of the past."

Miss Burgoyne and Lady Royston grew very intimate. The queer, eccentric old lady liked the society of the younger and more energetic one, and the gentle loveliness of Lady Euphemia won her a warm place in the old lady's heart. They made a very happy coterie in the grand old Italian city. Miss Burgoyne seemed to unbend under the pleasant influence of his girl's youth and beauty. Hers had been a lonely soured life. Deceived and disappointed in her long-past youth, she had resolutely set her face against matrimony, and issued the edict to her nephew which had been productive of such disastrous consequences. She was never weary of talking of him—of sounding his praises to the willing ears of the girl who loved his memory with a love that was keenly pointed with pain.

"I don't think I should have held out if Bracy had fallen in love with you, my dear," she said one day; "but he was very susceptible, and I have seen the misery that comes from marrying for beauty alone. Perhaps I was wrong, but it's too late now. Everything is too late in this world, I think."

"Ah, if she only knew," thought Lady Euphemia to herself—"if I only dare tell her;" but somehow her lips seemed sealed on the subject.

Bracy Burgoyne in his grave seemed to hold her to the promise she had made to him while living, and she could not tell his aunt the secret of her nephew's life.

She was rapidly recovering health and strength in the soft air of Italy. A little of shadow there was still about her—more than is generally on young hearts and faces; but her mind had regained its tone, and she was more like the Euphemia Breakspeare of the old times, before Lionel's love and its untoward ending had broken up their home, and sent him into exile, which seemed almost like death to those who loved him.

They heard from him almost by every mail. He was well, he said, and as comfortable as a man could be in India, but he made no mention of coming home. The arrow was rankling in the wound still, and the pain seemed never likely to be less, for Mrs. Caterham wrote from Castletowers to say that his grace had sent a celebrated miniature painter from London to copy the head of Circe. The likeness was to be faithfully reproduced, but none of the accessories. A simple white drapery was to be disposed about as much of the neck and shoulders as was visible, and the whole was to be enclosed in a morocco case and securely packed, to be transmitted to India by the first mail after it was finished.

"Lionel's mad" was Lady Royston's comment on this information, "as mad as a Bedlamite. The woman's dead, isn't she?"

"Yes, auntie."

"Then, why doesn't he bury her memory and have done with it, be can't keep single all his life, and let Castletowers go to that man in Berkshire for the sake of a dead woman."

"I'm afraid he will, auntie. We Breakspeares don't change much. 'True to his tryst' is our motto, you know, and Lal seems to live up to it."

"He does, and so does some one else," said her ladyship, *sotto voce*. "True! Obstinate would be the better word. What twaddling letters old Caterham does write," she added aloud. "What a lot she puts in about her own affairs, and 'my son George'—almost seems to worship him."

"I don't wonder. George Caterham is a good man, and a good son. She writes to say he has got rid of that mysterious lodger of his, who seemed to trouble her so much, poor old lady! I don't think her letters twaddle a bit."

"Mr. Caterham was a favorite of yours, Phemie?"

"Well, yes—I don't know why. So poor old Mr. Denham is gone again. He seems to have gone there as suddenly and mysteriously as though he had dropped from the clouds."

Mrs. Caterham, knowing the interest that her young mistress took in anything relating to her, had 'old her all about the departure of Mr. John Denham from Caterham.

"I am glad to say the old gentleman that lodged with my son is gone back to Demerara. It seemed such a long voyage for such a miserable old creature to make, but George tells me that he goes with somebody to take care of him. It will be a mercy if he ever reaches the other side of the Atlantic alive, though George says that he was wonderfully recovered within the last few weeks. I can't help feeling very glad that he is gone. I could not feel at home with him somehow, though the poor old man never did me any harm."

There was a little Castletowers news in the letter besides. Mr. Burgoyne's lawyer had been down to look at Ferndale, which was not going to be let at present. Some one was to be put into the place to keep it in repair, and to prevent intruders.

"Poor Mr. Burgoyne must have been pretty well all over the place that night he went there," the old lady said. "The lawyer told me—he came up to the castle to make inquiries—that nearly every door inside the house was open, and the furniture in the kitchen all knocked about. He said something about a trap-door being open somewhere—in one of the parlors, I think; but that's not wonderful, for all the carpets were taken up and folded long since."

"Dear old Caterham does like to tell long stories," Lady Euphemia said. "I'm glad she's got rid of her *bete noir*; as her son's lodger seemed a veritable Old Man of the Sea to her."

Miss Burgoyne was duly informed of all that the housekeeper said concerning Ferndale Hollow; but she declined to be in any way interested therein.

"It's a horrible place," she said. "I never could bear it, and I don't want to hear anything about it. It goes to the American people, and I suppose that jackanapes, Marsham, has communicated with them. It's their business, not mine."

It seemed rather unnatural, but the old lady's hatred of everything connected with Mr. Marsham was not to be abated. She would have let Ferndale go to rack and ruin rather than have put herself in communication with the obnoxious lawyer.

"If he's going to keep the place in repair, it's all right," she said. "They may fight it out among themselves when they come over to claim it."

But no news came to Florence of any one representing themselves as Bracy Burgoyne's heirs, and by degrees they ceased to think or speak so much of him. Miss Burgoyne's black dresses, and a tender memory of the dead man deep down in the heart of Lady Euphemia, were all that remained to tell of him.

One sunny morning in September, when the weather had a little abated from its sultry heat—it was bearable to sit with open windows in the shade, and it was possible to do something besides fan one's self and sip iced drinks—Lady Royston and her niece were surprised by a visit from Miss Burgoyne. It was very seldom that the old lady stirred out in the morning. She was too much of an invalid to rise early, and her chair was never seen on the promenade till after two o'clock in the afternoon; but something had brought her out before twelve on this particular day, and in extreme agitation too. There was much more than the heat of the weather in her tremor and bewilderment.

Lady Royston went out on the staircase when she heard who it was, and brought her in.

"I see something is the matter," she said, when she had placed her in a comfortable chair and helped her to remove her bonnet. "What is it?"

"The strangest thing, my dear. It seems almost like a message from the dead. I have found something."

She was not explicit, and Lady Royston began to wonder.

"Look here," said Miss Burgoyne, producing something from her pocket, and hobbling it up. "I found this on the floor of my boudoir this morning."

The boudoir was in reality a dressing room, and Miss Burgoyne loved to dignify it by another title, and to sit there in state to receive visitors.

"Why, that's your scorn locket," said Lady Euphemia, when she saw what Miss Burgoyne held in her hand.

It was rather a singular ornament—an acorn shaped piece of agate, polished very finely, in a cup of chased gold—an elegant though plain little pendant, which would hardly have been noticed hanging from a watchchain. It was curious in its way, the cup flying off at the touch of a spring in the stalk, and revealing a space large enough to hold a tiny photograph.

Lady Euphemia knew the trick of it perfectly. She had opened it many a time, and looked sadly at the protrait of Bracy Burgoyne which it held. Miss Burgoyne was proud of her locket. It had come from the ransacked stores of some Indian prince in a long bygone war.

"Not mine," she said, as the girl returned it to her. "There were two. Have you never seen my nephew wear one?"

"I think I have, now you speak of it." This was his."

"His! Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Yes, my dear; and how it came in my room puzzles me beyond measure. Some one has been there who has got his things. He wrote me about it in almost the last letter I ever had from him, called me his darling old auntie, and said he had had my portrait cut round and fitted in. He made me have it taken at Mentone on purpose my poor boy."

Her lips quivered as she spoke, and she touched the spring of the locket, and revealed the protrait.

"We must find out where it came from," Lady Royston said. "Can you remember who has called upon you within the last two days?"

"I think so. There was General Follows—it can't be him, he didn't know Bracy; and Mrs. De Fleury—I haven't known her above a month; and Mr. Saltire, the army chaplain, and his wife—they are *en route* for India, you know, but have some time to spare. They had a young person with them; but she waited in the *salon*—she only came in for a moment."

"Who was she?"

"Oh, a miss something—I forget her name. She was the governess, I think they said."

CHAPTER XIX.

HONORE CHANTRELLE.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.
—*Wordsworth.*

Mr. Saltire, of whom Miss Burgoyne spoke as an army chaplain, was an old friend of hers. Years ago, before she had taken up her residence entirely on the Continent, he had been the struggling curate of the parish where she lived, and she had been a kind friend to his overburdened wife, who had a household of delicate children, and only very small means to keep them all fed and clothed upon. A clergyman, be he never so needy, must go about clothed and appointed like a gentleman, and only the sorely driven wife besides himself knew how hard it was to preserve the neatly-brushed black clothes, or to provide the spotless linen in which he went abroad among the people of the parish, doing all the work, while the rector enjoyed himself abroad, or sat down contentedly at home, regardless what became of his parishioners, so their tithes were duly paid.

Better times had come to the Rev. Justin Saltire since then, and more sorrowful days, too. Out of all the flock that had clustered round his meagerly spread table in his curate days, but one remained to share his altered fortunes—a sickly, delicate girl, warped and twisted in body, and with a deformity in her mind as well, for she was peevish and ungovernable in temper, and amiable to no one unless she took some strong fancy for any particular person. All the other little ones lay within hearing of the church bells where their father had tolled so long, and the fretful, sickly Mara, born when their fortunes were at their lowest ebb, and christened in the very bitterness of their hearts, alone was left.

While she was yet a baby, fate took a turn, and first a small living, and then the chaplaincy of a regiment, had fallen to the lot of her father. After that came a legacy to her mother, and more advancement, so that by the time they met their old friend Miss Burgoyne once more at Florence, they had soared above the petty cares of poverty and were at their ease.

They were going to India to join a regiment, a crack regiment where there would be pleasant society for Mrs. Saltire, and change and amusement for Mara. The doctors all agreed that the journey would be good for her, and, indeed, she seemed better already for the change of air and scene.

They were to join the ship appointed to take them out at Malta, where cabins had been secured for "the Rev. Justin Saltire, of the —th regiment of foot, and family," —the family including the governess, the young person whom Miss Burgoyne had spoken of as waiting in the *salon*, and whom she had described as a Miss Somebody.

Her name was Honore Chantrelle, and she was a French Canadian, an orphan, who had been shipwrecked in one of those terrible sea disasters which sometimes happen, and by the catastrophe had lost the friends she was coming over to England with, and everything belonging to her. Her name by some accident appeared among the dead, and she made her way to London, only she herself knew how, to try and get employment.

She applied to Mr. Saltire by one of those strange chances which sometimes actually occur, and he interested himself about her, and made his wife give her a little employment. Mrs. Saltire found her a lady-like, well-educated young woman, and the peevish Mara took quite a fancy to her. She seemed to possess a strange influence over the wayward girl—some subtle charm which soothed her evil nature. In the presence of Honore Chantrelle she would cease her peevish wailings, and the restless rolling of her head, and sit quiet and still, often dropping into a refreshing sleep, with the French girl's hand clasped in her own.

It was a terrible blow to the friendless girl when she heard that her benefactors were going to India, and with tears she implored to be taken with them, if only in the meanest capacity. She would be servant, seamstress—anything—if she might only be allowed to go, and she would be no trouble at sea—she was never ill.

Mr. Saltire said at length that he would think about it, and there were two things which made him give it his most serious consideration. One was that the attendant on his sick daughter—a woman whose services were indispensable—positively refused to go.

Miss Mara was bad enough to stand at home, where there was everything she wanted to her hand, she said; but she wouldn't undertake her at sea, or out among the black people—no, not if her wages were doubled, that she wouldn't.

In vain Mr Saltire offered a higher rate of remuneration, and Mrs. Saltire pleaded her child's helplessness. The woman was resolute, and took a month's notice from the time the journey was first proposed to her.

The other motive power which was urging the chaplain to take out Honore was Mara's own persistency on the subject. She had taken one of her wild fancies to the girl, and insisted on her services being retained.

"You needn't call her a servant, papa," she said. "She can be my governess. I'm sure she can teach me all I want to know."

"But, my dear, consider——" began the chaplain; but Mara stopped him imperiously.

"I have considered," she said. "I have considered that I want her, that she is necessary to me. Does she not read to me, talk to me, play to me, as no one else can? She can do me good when I am suffering most. Let her come, papa. I feel as though I should die if you should turn me over to strangers."

"I must make inquiries first, my dear. I must find out whether she really is what she represents herself. I shall write to the agents of the packet line in New York, and get them to make inquiries respecting her.

He did not do this without telling the girl herself, who assented quietly to his proposal.

"I have no means of proving the truth of my story," she said. "I am a friendless orphan; but they will be able to tell you that I sailed in the Penguin, and perhaps a little more."

She was rather low-spirited until the answer came, but she brightened up when she found it was satisfactory.

"Not that they could have said anything against me," she said to Mara; "but it seemed a nervous thing to have my character written for in that way."

The letter from New York was to the effect that the shipping agents had made some inquiries about Miss Honore Chantrelle, and that her story was true in every particular. She was what she stated—a French Canadian, an orphan, whose small fortune had been entirely expended on her education. They had seen the lady—Madame Duhaton, Fifth Avenue—who had had charge of her, and who was very glad, indeed, to hear of her safety. Madame Duhaton assured them that, from her experience of Mdlle. Chantrelle, Mr. Saltire would find her a most useful addition to his family.

So the matter was settled, and the orphan installed as governess and attendant to Mara Saltire. She accepted the situation with tears of humble gratitude, but the eyes that melted so tenderly at Mr. Saltire's kindly words flashed with a wild triumph when she was alone in her own room. She had a room to herself, although it was only a small dressing-room off Miss Saltire's luxuriously-fitted apartments, and she locked her door and sat down before the glass to think.

"Won!" she said, looking at herself in the glass; "the first step gained. I thought that peevish idiot downstairs would have made matters right for me; she'd have fretted herself ill if they had not taken me. Madame Duhaton is very kind, but perhaps she doesn't know Honore Chantrelle so well as she fancies she does. Schoolgirls have undercurrents in their natures that they don't always show their governesses. I wonder if I shall ever meet any of the rest of the people saved from the Penguin. I hope not; I hate scenes. I'm not of the natures that shed mandlin tears over the mercy of Providence, and all that sort of thing. I think I should have to be very ill if anything so unlucky were to happen."

The fates were not propitious to Miss Chantrelle if she was sincere in her wish not to see any of her companions in misfortune. The very day before the party left London, Mr. Saltire brought home a gentleman, very lame and pale, and wearing preservers. He had met him accidentally, he said; and, hearing that he was one of the survivors of the wreck of the Penguin, had brought him home to see the young lady who had made the voyage with him.

Honore was sitting by Mara's side when her father came in with the announcement that a gentleman was waiting to see her in the drawing-room. She turned deathly pale, rose up, and sat down again as if unable to stand.

"You do not like to think of that time, I see," he said.

"No, no," she said, in a gasping voice; "it was horrible, horrible. What is the gentleman's name?"

"Garland—Mr. Francis Garland. He says he knew you very well."

"Ah, yes, of course; he is very kind to call."

"He has suffered more than you have, my dear," Mr. Saltire said. "He is lamed for life, and he fears that his spine is injured, for he is losing his sight."

"Going blind?"

"He fears so—he sees but very dimly."

Honore rose with alacrity and interest now, and her face lighted up with a strange eager look.

"Dear, dear," she said, "poor Mr. Garland, how sad."

And she just glanced at herself in the looking-glass and shook out her dress before she followed Mr. Saltire downstairs. Mr. Garland rose to greet her with quite a quiver on his kindly lips, and stretched out his hands.

"My dear Miss Chantrelle," he said, "I am so happy to think you are safe."

His eyes were dim, partly with tears, and he only saw a bleared image of a *petite* figure, with dark hair, just as pretty Honore Chantrelle used to look on board the Penguin. He did not stay very long, and the girl was tolerably composed while he remained; but she must have been a terrible sufferer by the wreck, for the very memory of it seemed to upset her terribly. After Mr. Garland went away she went up to Mara's room, looking ghastly pale, and before the girl could ask her what ailed her, fell down upon the floor in a heap, in a swoon that seemed to the terrified invalid like death itself.

Mara shrieked, and her father and mother came running up. Honore was laid on her couch, and revived only to fall into violent hysterics, which lasted till they were quite alarmed.

"Her nerves are quite upset," Mr. Saltire said; "we must not let her see any more of the people from the Penguin, even if they find her out."

"No, no, don't let me see any one," Honore begged. "I am so sorry, so ashamed, my dear Mrs. Saltire—do not be angry with me."

"Angry, my dear! No; make haste and get well. When we are out of England you will forget all the miserable past."

"Yes, yes, and begin a new life with you, shall I not?"

"You shall, my dear; and a happy one if we can make it so," the good lady said, and she had kept her word.

Honore's life had been a happy one since they had been on the Continent. Mara had been less fretful and better in health, and Mr. and Mrs. Saltire had begun to regard the French girl as another daughter.

She made herself useful to them in every way. She was Mr. Saltire's amanuensis, Mrs. Saltire's companion and helper in every way, and Mara's confidant and presiding spirit. Her mother declared she had not known such a peaceful time and such freedom from fatigue since Mara was a little child, and she lauded her governess, as Honore was called, to the very skies to all her friends.

Miss Burgoyne alone refused to believe that the young lady was an epitome of all the moral and Christian virtues in a brunette binding.

"I don't like governesses, and I don't like yellow-skinned women," she said to her old friend. "They always turn out cats, and are sure to deceive you in some way—depend upon it, this one will."

"I hope not," Mrs. Saltire said, "for we like her very much."

And Mrs. Burgoyne's antipathy was partly the reason why Honore waited in the *salon* instead of going into the old lady's boudoir on the day the locket was found. She had gone in for a minute on a summons from her employer, and had been received with a very frigid salute from Miss Burgoyne.

"Good morning, young lady," was all the greeting she vouchsafed Honore's respectful courtesy, and then turned her back upon the pretty girl and ignored her presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN A DREAM IT WAS I SAW HER.

AFTER HEINE BY THEODORE MARTIN.

In a dream I saw my darling,
A woman all woe-begone;
She that was once so blooming,
Faded and shrunken and wan!

One child in her arms she carries,
And one by the hand she leads;
Want and sore trouble are seen in
Her look and her gait and weeds.

Through the market square she totters,
And there she crosses my way,
And she looks at me, and calmly
And sadly to her I say:

"Come to my home, come with me,
Thou art pale and weak and ill;
I will work all day to procure thee
Both food and drink, I will.

"And I will cherish and guard, too,
The children with thee there;
But thyself, poor luckless darling,
Shall be above all my care.

"No word shall ever escape me
Of my love long cherished and deep;
And when thy sorrows are ended,
I'll lie on thy grave and weep."

BY THE SEA.

Look, love, how clear against the blue sea's breast,
Each rigid cedar rears its tapering crest,
And how amid the sky's vague emerald deeps
The chilly soul of autumn dimly sleeps;
On these gray rocks where we are resting now
The flexuous golden rods that burn and bow
Hold no such fire within their vivid sprays
As that whose rich warmth stays
Deep in my heart, all doubt to disavow,
At thy least, loving gaze.

And yet—it seems as though even now on me
Across a drear, chill rippled reach of sea
Golden-haired Ariadne turns wild eyes
Whence Naxos on a dim horizon lies;
And the wind whispering in the cedar boughs
Seems her sad speech that tells of broken vows,
How recreant Theseus loved and sailed away!
Till from my soul I pray,
Ere yet deflowering winds disgrown our brows,
Love let us die to-day.

The False Lover.

"I think it must be almost time for him to come now!"

Gertrude Fisher glanced up at the clock, a tiny mother-of-pearl dial, resting in a tangled mass of gilded wheat and ivy-leaves, beneath an elaborate glass shade; the hour-hand was fast verging on the figure eight. And then Gertrude sighed softly to herself, and once more took up the bit of delicate needlework with which she was occupying herself.

Gertrude was a tall, noble-looking girl, with jet-black hair brushed plainly back from her clear, plain face, and features pure and emotionless as those of a classic statue. Her dress was of a rich wine-colored silk, but very simple; and the garnet ornaments that she wore, set in heavy Etruscan gold, seemed peculiarly adapted to her style of beauty.

All the fittings and appointments of the room around her were elegant and luxurious, betokening the refinements of wealth. The carpet was of a soft pearl gray, with white buds strewn over it, delicately-shaded into crimson; the walls were gray, panelled with gold; and the furniture was of darkly-veined rosewood, upholstered with gray velvet; while the pictures, hanging from a gilded rod which ran around the inner edge of the cornice, the statuettes on their carved brackets, and the alabaster vases, filled with rare trailing ferns and hothouse blossoms, were selected with the utmost taste and care. For Gertrude Fisher was an heiress, and she had learned the best and truest way of enjoying wealth.

The time seemed to pass away very slowly as she sat there, listening to the silver tick of the clock, and the occasional fall of a glowing cinder from the grate into the polished fender below, and waiting anxiously for her engaged lover to make his appearance.

"He is not often so late as this," thought Gertrude, drawing out her little jeweled watch, and comparing it with the clock, with a sort of unacknowledged hope that the mother-of-pearl dial was too fast. But no; the two timepieces tallied exactly, and Gertrude had no refuge but to sigh again, and blame herself for being too particular

"Of course I cannot expect him to measure time by the second," she said. But, nevertheless, she did feel a little disappointed. "I wonder where Cecile is," mused Gertrude. "Even her merry, unreasoning chat would be better than this dead silence and loneliness. I suppose she has gone up to her room for the night."

But Cecile Moore had not gone up to her own room as her cousin supposed. She was in the little parlor downstairs, and George Tracy was with her—the recreant for whose coming sweet Gertrude sighed in vain.

Cecile was as different from Gertrude as a glancing fire-fly is from the steady glow of a star, or a babbling, sparkling stream from the silver surface of a lake. She was small, and perfectly shaped and piquant, with golden hair and a transparent skin, and those peculiar turquoise-blue eyes which so often accompany a blond style of beauty. She had come to London at Gertrude's invitation, to spend the winter with her; and Gertrude's generosity had supplied the soft blue merino which she wore, with its sapphire velvet trimmings, and even the set of pink coral which relieved her waxen skin with its deep rose tint. Gertrude had grown very fond of Cecile, whom she regarded as a sort of plaything—a live doll, a tiny white kitten—and Cecile found her cousin's luxurious home a pleasant contrast to the dreary farm-house, while her uncle and his second wife barely tolerated her as nurse, seamstress, and general drudge to their many children.

"Answer me, Cecile," persisted George Tracy, holding both her small white hands in his, and looking directly into the turquoise blue eyes.

Cecile struggled to escape.

"George, how can you? What would Gertrude say?"

"I don't care two straws what Gertrude says! I am only interested in you, my darling. Tell me—do you love me?"

"George!"

"For I love you, little pet, better than all the world besides. There, it's out now, and I don't care who knows it."

Cecile put her hand on his lips, with an apprehensive glance towards the door.

"Why is this?" he asked.

"She must not know, George. I should be sent home to-morrow!"

"Then you will try and love me dearest?" he pleaded.

She gave him a glance from beneath her long, curled eyelashes—a glance, half tender, half coquettish, and half bewildering. George Tracy had been wavering and uncertain before; now he lost his self-possession entirely. And while Gertrude sat waiting and wondering in the drawing-room above, George and Cecile arranged the treacherous plan which was to wreck her happiness forever, with calm, smiling faces, and voices which never faltered once.

"Sarah, go upstairs and call Miss Moore to the breakfast table," said Gertrude next morning to the parlor-maid, who had brought in the hissing urn. "She is later than usual."

Sarah went accordingly, but presently returned with a scared face.

"She's not in her room, ma'am, and the bed's not been slept in."

And that was the last Gertrude Fisher heard of her cousin Cecile and her betrothed husband, George Tracy, for long, sad years.

What did she do? What do people generally do when the weight of a great misfortune falls upon them, crushing the very life and vigor out of their hearts? They suffer and endure, and live on. Gertrude did this; and after the first bitterness had died out of her nature—a kindly and a generous one—she even learned to think forgivingly of George and the little blue-eyed girl she had so loved and cherished.

And so the bloom of her first youth passed away, and she settled peacefully down into a soft-voiced, tender-eyed old maid; for Gertrude's was not one of those facile natures which can graft a new love on to an old disappointment, and be happy, after all has come and gone.

It was towards the close of a lowering day in December that Miss Fisher's carriage, closely shut, and cushioned with velvet, drew up in front of one of those fashion emporiums where ladies delight in congregating. Madame D'Aubri herself came quickly forward to greet the rich heiress.

"Is my dress finished, madame?" inquired Gertrude.

Madame would inquire. Would Miss Fisher be seated? Presently she returned, in a fit of French gesticulating despair.

"It was through no fault of hers, but Miss Bliss, the forewoman, had allowed the seamstress to take it home to finish, as she had a sick husband whom she could not leave, and they were starving—*absolutely* starving," cried Madame D'Aubri, with a fluttering motion of her flexile fingers. "But it should be sent for immediately, the robe of *soie gris*, and it was the last, the very last time that a dress should ever be allowed to go out of the establishment."

"Never mind, madame," said Miss Fisher, good-humoredly; "it really is a matter of no great moment. Fortunately, I have other dresses, so you need not hurry."

And she re-entered her carriage, followed by Madame, apologizing all the way.

Gertrude had nearly reached her home, when she pulled the check-string, and told the driver to go back to Madame D'Aubri's."

"I suppose it is foolish," she thought within herself, "but I can't help thinking of that poor seamstress with her sick husband."

Madame D'Aubri was astonished by the second appearance of Miss Fisher.

"The address? I will obtain it of Miss Bliss," she said, "if you will kindly wait."

Presently she came back, rustling behind the counter, with a bit of paper which she gave to Miss Fisher, with a low curtsey. Gertrude glanced at it.

"A bad neighborhood, I should judge," she remarked, casually.

"Oh, opprobrious, indeed!" assented Madame, who was a little uncertain in the use of English adjectives.

Gertrude gave the paper to her coachman, with directions to him to proceed directly thither.

It was nearly dark when she reached the number indicated—a melancholy-looking house, in a miserable neighborhood.

"Fourth floor, back room," said an old woman on the ground floor; and gathering her silken skirts closely round her, Miss Fisher mounted the steep stairs, where, to judge from appearances, brooms and soapsuds were alike ignored.

She knocked softly at the door of the room indicated. A hollow-eyed little child, scantily dressed, opened it just far enough to peep through. Gertrude could see the murky glimmer of a lamp on the table, and the sullen glow of an insufficient fire in a miserable grate. The room was small and exceedingly close, and bore the aspect of the most wretched poverty.

"I have come here in search of a seamstress who works for Madame Celeste D'Aubri," said Gertrude.

"Mamma!" said the little child, doubtfully; but she opened the door a fraction wider, and Gertrude entered.

A woman was sewing on the identical *robe de soie gris*, with intent eyes and flying fingers. A man lay stretched motionless on the bed, with a sheet pulled over his face.

"You are in trouble," said Gertrude, gently, trying to accustom her eyes to the dim, uncertain light.

The woman made a fretful motion of her elbow, but never looked up.

"Don't disturb me!" she said petulantly. "I am free at last; but I can't bury *him* until I've done this work and got the money."

"Cecile! Cecile Moore!"

The woman looked up at length, pushing back the flaxen hair that hung in wild disorder over her eyes.

"Who is it that knows me by my old name?" she demanded.

"I am your cousin Gertrude," replied her kind visitor.

There was something in her voice and manner that made Cecile drop her work, and rise hurriedly to her feet. The next moment she was sobbing convulsively in Gertrude's gentle arms.

"Oh, Gertrude," she wailed, "I wronged you cruelly, but I was cruelly punished. If you but knew how miserable, how poverty-stricken I have been. And *he*," with a shudder—"he beat me, and drank, and gambled, and squandered my wretched earnings; but he is dead now, thank heaven, he is dead!"

"When did he die?" asked Gertrude, inexpressibly shocked.

"Half an hour ago."

Gertrude went to the side of the couch, and looked at the face of her dead lover—the man she had so worshipped years and years ago. It was old and haggard now, with sunken features and strange set lines round the mouth, and brow. And as she stood shuddering there, the last spark of love she had cherished for so many years, died out forever. She had forgiven him once—now she forgave his memory.

"Cecile" she said, turning to her cousin—alas! how worn and wretched she was, with not a relic of her old beauty remaining—"you must come home with me, you and your child."

"With you, Gertrude?" exclaimed Cecile, in amazement.

"With me. Nay, don't shrink away; I have forgiven you."

And she bent to press a kiss upon the brow that had been so waxen fair once; while the little one, taught by a child's unerring instinct, clung close to her skirts.

"Oh, Gertrude," sobbed Cecile, "I think you must be like the angels in heaven!"

In all the pain and bitterness of her first bereavement, Gertrude Fisher had never wished for revenge, but she had it now, full and complete.

George Tracy lay dead before her eyes, and Cecile wept upon her breast!

Doubt and Faith.

BY H. H.

A long stretch of velvet lawn, bathed in delicious golden sunshine. Four people finishing a game of lawn tennis, and as many looking on with a kind of lazy interest. On either hand shady shrubberies, bordered with brilliant flower beds; at the end of the lawn a little brook; in the distance the long sweep of the Cotswolds.

"Fifteen," counts Captain Hall triumphantly, as a vicious stroke of Gerald Sorthwick's racket drives the ball beyond bounds. Gerald has played badly throughout, almost in silence, with a grave face and compressed lips. It does not matter, for his partner, Maud Conway, has exchanged with Captain Hall enough merry badinage for a dozen people. The young lady is nettled now at an ignominious defeat.

"I could wish you victor in a better contested fight, Captain Hall."

"It is my highest ambition, Miss Conway."

There was nothing in the words, but the meaning, tone and a low bow gave them point. Maud bit her lip and Gerald threw down the racket, his face a little sterner than before. She turned to him, an angry glitter in the violet eyes.

"Your play has been wretched, Mr. Sorthwick; it was never worse. For the future we dissolve partnership."

"Can we? Can we, Maud?" He speaks meaningly now, and it seems strange her name can come with such tender inflection from so hard and firm a mouth.

"'Maud' to my friends, sir; 'Miss Conway' to you."

He leaves her and saunters into the shrubbery, following a little winding path until it reaches the brook. Then he throws himself at full length upon the soft moss, and thinks bitter things of the girl who has befooled him. Half an hour later there is a rustle among the boughs, and he sees her in the act of retreating.

"I am sorry I disturbed your slumbers, Mr. Sorthwick, I thought you were gone."

"You disturb my life, Maud, waking and sleeping. Come here."

He spoke with such command, she instinctively obeyed, but her whole soul rose in rebellion. It was a novel experience to the spoiled and petted beauty.

He pointed to a low rustic seat, and she took it. As though to measure strength, they look into each other's faces—his pale, determined; hers passionate, resentful. Then Gerald turns his head away, lest resolution should fail. His tone is low, but full of fierce, suppressed energy:

"You have not played with my love for months, Maud, without learning what it is. It comes between me and all other chances of happiness."

He pauses a few seconds, wherein she plucks a wild flower and picks it to pieces. Sweet and pensive she looks now, and unwontedly thoughtful; but his eyes are on the distant hills.

"From time to time, when I would have spoken, you silenced me, and I thought it girlish coyness. You made me believe you cared, Maud."

If only he would look now, and see how the girl's mobile features answer the sorrowful wail in his voice! But he does not.

"I saw you flirting continually, but it was your nature, and I did not mind, for I thought you gave me more. So you fooled me as you fooled others."

"Fortune-hunters, all of them," she broke in.

"Possibly," and his proud head was thrown back a little. "I am free from that imputation. Rich as you are, Miss Conway, the Sorthwicks of Sorthwick are richer."

It was true, as she well knew. Gerald Sorthwich, the elder, had the reputation of being the wealthiest landowner in the county, and he was the only son.

"It is time the farce was ended," he continued. "I have been too long the willing slave of your caprice. It is not fitting the woman I honor above all the world should be on terms of free and easy intimacy with such a man as Captain Hall."

A contemptuous curl of the lip emphasized the words.

Maud started as though they had stung her; her hasty temper was in arms immediately.

"By what right do you venture to criticise my friendships, sir?"

"You shall give me the right," he rejoined, hotly, "or from this day I will never willingly touch your hand nor see your face. Friendship! What is that beside such love as mine? Choose between them, Maud: his friendship or my love. I will never ask you again."

This desperate earnestness almost frightened her; nevertheless she made a mocking curtsey.

"Love may desolate and grieve you,
Love may stay awhile and leave you,
Friendship's truth will ne'er deceive you."

she quoted. Then he fairly turned his back for some seconds, that she might not see the pained working of his features.

He was pale to the very lips when at length he did look, in silence offering his hand. Silently she laid her own in it. The agony in his eyes subdued her; what was a woman's weak petulance in comparison with this?

"For the last time," said Gerald Sorthwick. He bowed low over the white fingers, and kissed them; then walked away. She heard a horse's hoofs presently, at a furious gallop.

The lodge-keeper touched his hat as Gerald rode up, and he saw with surprise there were great tears on the old man's rugged cheeks.

"What is the matter, Williams?"

"Have you not heard, sir? I thought you knew, from the rate you came, and the look of your face."

"No—no—what is it?"

Williams whispered a few words. Gerald swayed to and fro in the saddle, and would have fallen, but that the old man supported him.

"Strange news," said Captain Hall to a friend that night. "Old Sorthwick is ruined, and has shot himself."

"Nonsense, man; he is as rich as Croesus."

"Yes; fabulously so, that was. He mortgaged every acre years ago, and bought Turkish bonds; that accounts for his large income. They have just stopped payment, you know, and other speculations have turned out much worse. The young cock will crow less loudly now, will he not?"

And an evil light gleamed in the speaker's blue eyes.

* * * * *

Silvery moonlight flooding a farm house, and an unusually large garden appertaining thereto. Up and down the gravelled walk paces Gerald Sorthwick, moodily smoking a fragrant cigar. On the air is borne a sound as of an irregular bass solo, varied by the occasional squeak of shriller stringed instruments.

It denotes that half a mile off, in the little town of Sorthwick, an archery ball is now being held. The committee, in view of his father's recent death and his own social ruin, had decided not to send the customary reminder; but Gerald, with a poor man's morbid sensitiveness, misinterprets the kindness. With an impatient movement, expressive of disgust, he tosses away the half-smoked cigar. It alights on the soft turf of a small croquet-ground, and lies smoking. Then, with a curious smile, he crosses and picks it up carefully.

"I had forgotten myself," he mutters; "the last of the box, and a brand I am not likely to taste yet awhile."

So, with the cigar between his teeth, he passes through the gate, and across green meadow-land towards the town.

The music grows distinct as he approaches.

"I think I am wise," he reflects, bitterly. "To-morrow by this time I shall have left the old life quite behind me. Gerald Sorthwick, tea-trader, China. Vague, that, and it is about all I know; but I shall be better out there. The old position, habits, instincts, reminiscences, would be so many dead weights in England."

A wealthy tradesman passes him, and touches his hat. Gerald acknowledges the courtesy with that marked politeness which has ever won him popularity among his social inferiors, but the incident reawakens latent cynicism.

"How long would that last?" he wonders. "Formerly it meant you are my patron, ten times richer than I. Now it should be for me to doff the hat in greeting."

The cigar burns close to his lips; he spits it out and hesitates.

"I must see her face once," he groans, "my vow notwithstanding;" and as the church clock strikes ten he stands in the black shadow of some trees, looking across a bowling-green at the great doors of the Assembly Rooms, to which heated couples come from time to time to inhale the soft pure air, and perhaps draw inspiration from the moonlight. At length he sees her, leaning on Captain Hall's arm, and laughing gaily.

A bitter imprecation rises to his lips, but he suppresses it. "Are you content now, stupid?" he asks himself.

A bird twitters on a bough near him, and by force of subtle association, in strange mockery, the recollection comes how he had once startled Maud by a perfect imitation of her dove's cooing; it was when they were most friendly, before Captain Hall's advent.

"It shall be your signal when you want me, and I am talking to disagreeable people," she had said. He wondered whether she would remember the incident, and a wish grew upon him to try the experiment.

They had ceased talking, Maud and her partner, and were gazing straight towards him; but there was safety in the shadow, he knew.

"Coo-o-o!" A soft note, thrice repeated! He saw Maud start violently, and tremble. Captain Hall thought it was with cold.

"The night air is too chill," he said; "let us return."

"No, I cannot leave the moonlight; but you may fetch my wrapper, if you will be so good!"

The watcher beneath the trees saw him vanish; saw Maud's gloved hand pressed to her heart, as though to still its beating. Then he marvelled for a moment whether sight were playing him false, for a white figure glided towards him through the moonlight, heedless of the dew that soaked flowing robes and satin slippers.

"Gerald!" it cried.

He drew her into the shadow.

"Say good-bye to me, Maud." There was a queer tremor in the voice.

"Good-bye?" she asked, wonderingly.

"I leave England to-morrow. Will you not bid me good-bye, my lost darling?"

Captain Hall appeared in the doorway at that instant, searching in great astonishment for his partner; but they were happily unconscious of the fact, for two bare arms were around Gerald's neck, and a sweet voice was whispering:

"Love—love—will you not stay for my sake?"

So it came to pass, that "Gerald Sorthwick, tea trader, China," remained a myth only.

The Grave Cheated.

BY AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

My profession, I believe, deserves more credit than any, perhaps, for the advancement it has made during the past thirty or forty years, in education, mechanical improvements, and general scientific research.

Within my recollection its schools were especially conservative innovations were frowned upon. Galen and Hippocrates were quoted at length by its best authorities. Bleeding was its sheet-anchor, and calomel a panacea. Chloroform was not, and the student's most difficult effort was to steel his nerves to the shriek of piteous entreaty which followed the first stroke of the crimson knife upon some poor unfortunate bound to the table.

I was educated at a medical school in one of the largest seaports in England. We were fortunate in our opportunities, and generally, I may say, made the most of them, though we had, of course, the usual mixture of the careful and industrious, the reckless and indifferent, and the jovial-careless medium of the two—to which latter I inclined.

Anatomical subjects were usually supplied from the parish workhouse, from our own hospital and occasionally by some unfortunate waif from the "Crowner's 'Quest."

The opening session of 184– commenced with a promising set of students, eager to flesh their scalpels. Our professor opened his lecture by offering us two subjects for dissection—each student to select a moiety of one for his individual manipulation at a stipulated price—so much for an upper or lower extremity, so much for a head, a choice of the various viscera, etc., which were generally disposed of with all the coolness and method of a butcher's stall.

My story refers to one of the two subjects aforesaid, an unfortunate sailor who had fallen overboard in a fit of intoxication, had been duly "sat upon," and being a poor, friendless foreigner, was legally our prey.

He thus became the property of six of us, (of whom I was one) literally by *joint* purchase, and we accordingly proceeded most industriously first to divide and then to conquer him as a study of anatomy.

After the lapse of some weeks, and when, as you may imagine, our subject was pretty well exhausted, the professor entered one morning with some very official-looking documents and a lurking smile under a very grave exterior. He informed us with regret, etc., that he held in his hand an application from the authorities in London, through our worthy Mayor, for the recovery of the remains of one Ole Svensen, a Norwegian sailor, who had been traced to our seaport, and proved beyond doubt to be the interesting subject of our ambitious scalpels. He stated further that the man was the son of wealthy and influential parents, and had entered before the mast whilst on a spree—that his friends had interested Government aid in the matter, and would spare no expense to recover the remains and give them handsome burial. Therefore, he trusted that we would collect and return as much of him as possible; a coffin would be duly provided on the day but one following, and with a touch of irony, he had no doubt that any of us who so desired would become guests at the funeral.

His address was not very cordially received, on the contrary, there was quite a murmur of dissent from the parties chiefly interested. We wanted to know, you see, whether our money would be returned and as to our time and trouble, etc.

Some of us were making interesting preparations of different parts of the cadaver, intended to enlighten the scientific world, which had not yet recovered from Mr. Pickwick's theory of littlebats and the rise and source of the Hampton Ponds, and we were all more or less selfishly indisposed to gratify what we considered a somewhat morbid sentimentality. Therefore, after a few moments consultation, we informed the doctor that we would consider it. He replied that we must comply or accept certain undefined legal penalties, held in terrorem. We, the interested purchasers and owners aforesaid, agreed amongst ourselves to meet for discussion that evening and give our answer in the morning.

Before giving the proceedings of said meeting the importance which they deserve, I must mention an item in connection therewith, and explanatory of the result of its deliberations. We had several cases of phthisis in hospital at the time and one of our physicians was experimenting with asses' milk as an article of diet in its treatment. Consequently, there were in an outhouse connected with the dissecting-room three females supplying milk, and one colt some three days old.

We opened our meeting with all the solemnity of a presidential convention (prayer left out), calling Harry C. to the chair; who, by the way, was the terror of our professors for his outrageous practical jokes and generally boisterous hilarity, always in scrapes, and often in trouble with the police authorities. He humorously stated the object of the meeting to be the discussion of the rights of man in his fellow man—the protection of Her Majesty's subjects in the possession of a subject subject to the constituted authorities, and in connection with the subject he would say that he had a grievance to lay before them in which not only themselves, as fellow mortals, but the invalid inmates of the hospital, were deeply interested. He had not only a grievance to submit but an individual to arraign before the house on a grave and serious charge, involving perhaps capital punishment.

Here a member interrupted the speaker somewhat irrelevantly. The subject was dry. He moved pipes and whisky. (Carried; recess of 15 minutes for discussion.)

Resuming, Mr. Speaker said that his last remarks were a digression hereafter to be explained. They were all doubtless aware of the, he might say, sacrilegious invasion of rights of property which had been that morning attempted. Their limbs were to be torn away from them; a heart was to be taken reeking from one; another to be defrauded of his brain, muscles, nerves and tendons, not to say arteries, gentlemen; ruthlessly abstracted from another, and all by due legal process, for no offense whatever, but rather to hinder and obstruct the proper course of scientific inquiry, and the amelioration of our fellow-sufferers. Shall such oppression and injustice be submitted to under this free and constitutional government? (Unanimous groans of no.) Gentlemen, a sacrifice is needed, a victim must be found; a substitute must be offered, and he had one in his eye. Here he looked very hard at a junior from the country, who was observed to turn pale and look to the door (which was locked) quite nervously.

Before proceeding further he would say that he wished to return to the charge aforesaid. It was this: There was a certain individual not far from him, who was in the habit of daily purloining, abstracting and appropriating to his own use a certain luxury which was deemed essential to the very existence of the sick and dying inmates of the hospital. (The youth here trembled visibly, for he had taken a glass of sherry and a biscuit from the matron that very morning.) He proposed to bring a charge against him of murder, and when he had substantiated it, as he knew he should do, he thought that justice and equity would be satisfied by the execution of the criminal and the substitution of one body for the other. (Loud cries of "hear" from all but the junior, who was getting green with nervousness.) He therefore moved that the meeting resolve itself into a Court of Criminal Justice. He would appoint Brother C., (myself) prosecutor, and assign Brother Jas. Connell for the defence, whilst judgment and sentence should be pronounced by ballot.

We all began to see the joke except the junior, who began to look at his watch and saw it was getting late. (He told me afterwards that he had heard a good deal of the deviltry of medical students, and fully expected that he was to be the victim of some outrageous piece of cruelty.)

I rose to a point of order that as counsel for the prosecution I be allowed 15 minutes consultation with the chair (and two glasses of punch) to prepare my brief, which should be made as brief as possible. (Allowed; punch to be charged to fuel and not stationery.) We accordingly retired, and between us concocted the following scheme, after due deliberation as to its feasibility, viz: To knock the colt in the head, cut up the carcass, mix in some human bones, putrid matter, &c., and substitute. We did not stop to inquire as to consequences of possible detection, or we might have hesitated. Anyhow, the punch helped us to decide.

Accordingly we returned, and court duly opened.

I submitted that after a diligent perusal of the criminal reports of this and other countries for some years past, I was satisfied that never was a more heinous charge brought against a criminal than the present one against the prisoner at the bar. The charge had already been stated, and he need not further allude to it, but leave the case in their hands. My opponent put in a plea for mitigation of penalty on account of tender years, not to say days of defendant; he spoke somewhat indistinctly, owing to sobs about his mother being an orphan, and himself the last of six, and wound up by a feeling appeal for brotherly compassion on the score of remote kinship, which he thought some of us, at least, would not be inclined to dispute.

However, as you may suppose, his doom was sealed! Dickens says (in Pickwick, I think) that nobody ever saw a dead jackass. I have strong reasons for disputing his statement. The chair and the counsel for the defence were appointed a Committee on Executions, performed their duty as mercifully as possible, and the meeting adjourned.

On the morning following the Professor expressed his thanks to the class for acceding to the request of the Mayor, etc.; and remarked further that our offer to enclose the remains in the casket was accepted, and duly appreciated (which, by the way, we carefully attended to.)

At the appointed time the funeral cortege duly arrived—the Foreign Consul, with the Mayor, attended, and a carriage was furnished for ourselves, who, naturally, were anxious to see it through.

As the coffin was lowered, under the beautiful service of the Episcopal church, some of us, I know, felt remorse and shame for our part in the farce, but at the words, "We commit the body of our departed brother," etc., we were quite overcome with a burst of emotion which called our handkerchiefs to our faces, and which the local paper said next day was quite affecting.

I believe a neat tombstone marks the grave to this day.

To tell you the truth, at times I feel a little ashamed of the part or share I had in "cheating the grave."

News of Interest

—Kentucky will reset the old whipping-post.

—Mr. Ross has examined 375 lost Charleys.

—An Alabama hunter killed eight wild turkeys at one shot.

—Taxes were paid in Great Britain last year upon 1,390,330 dogs.

—There are exactly one hundred Methodist churches in Philadelphia.

—There are 154 sects in England, six having been added during the last year.

—The balance of trade in favor of this country for the past year is $120,000,000.

—London gossips have an absurd story that the Queen is going to marry Disraeli.

—Charles Crocker, one of the millionaires of California, was a newsboy in Troy in 1835.

—Richmond, Va., claims this year a population of 77,500, of whom 44,400 are colored.

—The Kentucky Legislature is said to contain one member who can neither read nor write.

—It is rumored that the Crown Prince of Austria is soon to wed the Princess Beatrice of England.

—A tramp was taken in at Westfield, Mass., who boasted that he had been on the road since 1852.

—The arrivals of immigrants at New York for the year 1877, aggregated 54,536 against 71,265 in 1876.

—Jules Ferry, a French Republican leader, is said to be threatened with insanity from the excessive use of hair-dye.

—There were two hundred and twenty less failures in the United States in 1877 than there were during the previous year.

—Whittier wrote to one friend protesting against being congratulated on attaining old age, which means attaining rheumatism.

—Japan has twenty-five national banks, with $58,000,000 of capital, all established within less than two years, and all under Japanese management.

—The latest count makes the number of drunken Senators on the night of the Silver bill session, sixteen, but their names are still carefully withheld.

—Dr. Lotta, a venerable Frankfort, O., physician, has married the daughter of the woman he courted in his youthful days, and who recently died after an unhappy life.

—King Humbert, of Italy, thinks his father ran things a little fast, and has commenced cutting down expenses by selling off one thousand horses kept in the royal stables.

—Here is a new feature in fairs. A Pacific Coast paper describes an Episcopal social in Carson, where "there were billiard tables in charge of the ladies, at four bits a game."

—The telephone develops more practical value in England than here. The London *Daily News* uses it to get reports of debates direct from Parliament, connections being made with the ordinary telegaphp wires.

—There seems to be a law of periodicity governing the recurrence of mild winters. The most notable mild winters for the last eighty years have been in the decades of 1798, 1808, 1818, 1828, 1838, 1848, 1858, 1868 and 1878.

—Augusta Chambers, a young actress who recently went to Deadwood, has received, during the two months she has been there, two hundred and seventy-six offers of marriage, seventeen of them coming in one day.

—The President and Clerk of the South Carolina Senate have adopted robes of office, at the Senate's request, furnishing the only instance in the country at the present time of the assumption of these insignia by legislative officers.

—A Rochester (N. Y.) negro awoke the other day to the fact that the affections of his spouse had been stolen away by a certain dusky Lothario; but, as any matter-of-fact man might have done, he turned her completely over to his rival in consideration of $35.

A Harmless and most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Is manufactured prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powder, chalk, meen fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

DESOLATE.

Like a funeral pall,
Darkness lies over all;
Weirdly the owl doth call
From her lone steep.
Sadly the night wind blows
Over December snows:
Vain 'tis my eyes to close—
I cannot sleep.

Thy voice is in my ear;
Once more thy words I hear,
Bringing now hope, now fear,
But always love.
And thy sweet face doth rise,
Radiant with starry eyes,
Cloudless as summer skies
In heaven above.

Once more at night's soft noon,
Under the pensive moon
Of a long vanished June,
With thee I stray.
As when in days of old
All my heart's love I told,
And to my pleading bold
Thou saidst not nay.

When thou wast by my side,
Calmly the days did glide,
Like an unruffled tide
My life did flow.
Then was each hour too brief,
Now I but seek relief
From my consuming grief,
Rest from my woe.

Now falls the scalding tear,
Shed from the present drear,
Shed for the past so dear,
So quickly flown.
Over thy lonely grave,
Hard by the sounding wave,
Madly the wind gusts rave,
I am alone.

Yes, but my whole life through
Leal have I been and true,
True shall I be to you,
As true as then.
Till when that life is o'er,
Skyward my soul shall soar.
And on the heavenly shore
We meet again.

Coverings for the Head.

In those dark ages of the world, in the infancy and childhood of the human race, of which we have neither record nor history, the first badge to distinguish one man above his fellows was probably the fillet, which in course of time led to the tiara, the insignia of kingly and priestly power. And here we leave the domain of speculation, and enter on that of history, to trace its further development. Strabo tells us the tiara of his day was in the form of a tower; and amongst the Persians the king was only allowed to wear it erect, the nobles and priests being compelled to bend it down in front. Xenophon tells us it was frequently encompassed with a diadem—as it is seen carved on ancient medals—while Servius calls it a Phrygian cap.

With the mention of this famous classic bonnet, we seem to have arrived at the original source of the immense diversity of caps and bonnets which for centuries past have been worn by both men and women. Fairholt informs us that the Anglo-Saxon cap, which continued in fashion amongst all the northern nations up to the reign of Henry I. in England, and probably long after, was perfectly Phrygian in its shape; and we may conclude, on the authority of several writers, that the cap or bonnet was the head covering both of men and women amongst the Gauls and the neighboring northern nations, until the Roman conquests introduced the eastern custom of the veil. This appears first in the history of England as the head-rail or *couvre-chef* of the Anglo-Saxon ladies, which was transmitted to the conventual costume. It was a long piece of linen or silk wrapped round the head and neck, but only worn out of doors, for we find these Anglo-Saxon dames as much addicted to dressing their hair as their descendants of the present day. The hood was also occasionally worn, both by men and women, at this period; and it is difficult to distinguish the head-rail from it, they are so similar in appearance. The last expiring remains of the head-rail, or *couvre-chef*, are to be seen in the colored handkerchiefs, folded crosswise and tied under the chin, worn by the market-women and gipsies of the present day.

The hood—the Saxon "hod"—although worn, does not appear to have been general in Britain until after the Norman conquest, when we see it attached to out-of door garments, as it is at present. In the thirteenth century we find it made its appearance as a separate article of dress, when it was known under the Norman names of *chaperon* and *aumusse*. The last-named was more especially a canonical garment, although not limited to the clergy. It continued to be worn by women for more than three centuries, as well as the chaperon. The aumusse was generally lined with grey fur, and is frequently seen on old brasses. It was worn by the clergy as a defence against the cold when reciting the divine office, and it appears in some cases like a standing collar round the neck. A hood exactly resembling the aumusse of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in shape, and, very probably made of much the some materials, is now made by the female convicts in our county jails, over the close white cap, in chapel, and for any outdoor occasion. Had we space, it would be interesting to trace the hood in its changes down to the present day; but this being impossible, we can only refer our readers to the exhaustive notice in Planche's "Cyclopædia of Costume" on the subject. Hoods were displaced by caps and bonnets in the reign of George II.

We have not yet named the caul, or cap—a network of gold and jewels, or silk—to inclose the hair. It is mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, and by most of the ancient writers; and the descriptions of Virgil and Homer might almost suit the caul of gold and jewels worn by Queen Mary of England. The name appears to have been applied to the false hair so profusely worn by her sister Queen Elizabeth, which, from the accounts given of them, appear to have been head-dresses made up, with jewels and ornaments arranged upon them, ready to be worn at any moment—an idea revived at our own time by the present race of perruquiers. Cauls disappeared about the year 1688.

We opened our account with tracing the caps and bonnets of our own day, back to the Phrygian cap of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The word "bonnet" was naturalized in England, it is supposed, at about the reign of Richard III., from the French "bonet," a small cap. At this period they were in general use, of various shapes, trimmed with rolls of fur, and a feather at the back or side, with a jewelled stem. The modern name of "milliner" (millainer) had its derivation from the "Milan bonnets," so called from the Italian duchy in which they were first made. These bonnets were worn by both sexes, and were make of cloth of gold and silver, velvet and satin, and decorated with algrettes of jewels, spangles, and single precious stones. At first they were worn extremely high, but during successive reigns they sank lower and lower until we find Henry VIII. in the well-known flat jeweled cap, with the narrow turned-up brim, made so familiar to us in his portraits by Holbein. The small flat caps worn by the boys of Christ's Hospital until lately, dated from the remains of the Milan bonnets, very much reduced in size by the time of the reign of Edward VI. The term "bonnet" applied to a man's cap, is now only used in Scotland. From the beginning of the seventeenth century, hats began to predominate in male costume, and caps were confined to professional and clerical use. The flat cloth bonnet now worn in Scotland, is believed by Mr. Planche to resemble the caps worn in England in the reign of Edward I., and the "Glengarry" to resemble the cap worn by the Danes, and introduced by them in the tenth century to Scotland.

The earliest form of hat seen in Britain is considered to have been the *petasus* of the Romans; but the general head covering of both Saxon and Dane, and, indeed of all the Celtic and Gothic races, was the cap previous to the tenth century. Although the words "fellen hact" occur in the Saxon records, it seems doubtful whether it meant a hat, or was applied to every kind of headgear. After the Roman Conquest the hat presents itself as an extra covering for the head in bad weather. It is usually represented as slung at the back of the owner, who wears also a round bonnet or hood, the hat being worn over the latter. All travelers are thus depicted, and the pilgrims are never without one. They were probably made of felt, or some substance like it, such as thick cloth; but were sometimes covered with the fur or skin of an animal.

Felt is said to have been the *lana coacta* of the ancients, worn as cloaks by the soldiers, and to have formed the material of the Lacedemonian hats. The word rendered "felt" is by some authors translated "knitted;" it is quite certain, however, that felt is of very early origin, and the Roman "petasus" was probably made of it. An annual festival used to be held in England by the hatters on St. Clement's Day, November 23, this saint being the reputed inventor of felt. In Roman Catholic countries the hatters still hold their festival on this day. There is an old tradition that this saint, having put carded wool between his feet and the soles of his sandals to protect them when on a pilgrimage, discovered, on arriving at the end of his journey, that the wool was converted into cloth. The fur of the muskrat, the hare, the rabbit, and nutria fur are used for the nap of the hat, the body being made of lambs wool.

The first beaver hats were imported into England from Flanders before the end of the fourteenth century, the merchant in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" wearing on his head a Flaunderish beaver hat.

Hats had previously been adopted by women, and appear to have had extremely broad brims.

It is somewhat singular to remark that the shape of the felt and beaver hats, as originally made in very early ages, is still extant; and in use in the present day. In fact, nothing better could be designed, either as a protection against heat or cold. Those who have visited Florence, and have seen the Misericordia pursuing with noiseless step their errands of mercy, will be able to realize to themselves almost the exact dress worn by travelers and pilgrims of the centuries during which the crusades took place and pilgrimages were in fashion. The heavy felt hat slung round the neck, and hanging at the back, is the *petasus* of the Romans, which was worn during our Lord's day, in the same manner, and the same shape; and, later still, in the days of Chaucer and among the scenes of the "Canterbury Tales."

It is singular that we should be ignorant of the original inventors of both felt and straw plaitings; but the fact seems to be that they are both industries so ancient, that no record has survived to us from the mists of that pre-historic time in which they were first made. Straw-plaiting is considered to be one of the very oldest arts practised by mankind. It is mentioned by Herodotus, and other early writers, and specimens of it are found in the tombs of ancient Egypt. Among the entries in the inventory of Sir John Fastolfe's effects, in the year 1459, are "a hatte of bever lyned withe damaske," and "ij straw hattes." These hats may, however, have been brought from Italy, where the art had been known and practised from a very early period. In the records of Mary, Queen of Scots, we find that having observed the peasants of Lorraine manufactured and wore hats of straw plait, endeavored to introduce the knowledge of its manufacture into Scotland, about the year 1652, but without much success. Her son, James I., however, carried the knowledge of it to England with him, where it soon took root, the first establishment being at Luton, in Bedfordshire, which has continued to be the chief seat of industry. This is considered by good authorities to be the first record of the straw-plaiting art in the United Kingdom, but it might have been commenced previously. What we now call a "bonnet" is of comparatively modern introduction. It was first made, we believe, of straw, and succeeded the flat gipsy hat towards the close of the last century. Straw bonnets were in full fashion in the year 1798.

The cap, in our sense of the word, appears first in an engraving by Hollar, of a woman servant of the reign of Charles I. The cap is a very graceful one, with a curtain and a turned-back border of lace, and might be adopted with advantage in the present day. In the reign of William and Mary, caps seem to have begun to form part of the attire of a gentlewoman; they were then small, and bound with a ribbon, like that of the charity-school girls, and occasionally had a narrow frill or edging of lace. The outrageous "Commode" should properly, perhaps, be reckoned as a cap.

We have nearly forgotten to mention nightcaps, which seem to have been popular with both sexes at an early period, being first mentioned in the days of the Tudor kings. Henry VIII. had a black velvet one, finely embroidered, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries gentlemen appear to have had their portraits taken in them; they were embroidered and edged with lace, and were worn by gentlemen in the morning in the absence of their wigs. In 1762 the French nightcap was worn by ladies in the daytime. A writer in the *London Chronicle* of that year says that "each lady, when dressed in this mode, can only peep under the lace border." The "coif" appears also to have been a sort of nightcap, and was worn by both sexes. It was made of white linen, fitting closely to the head, and tying beneath the chin. It was worn by the legal profession in England before the year 1391, and was the original form of the judges' coif, which is now reduced to a black patch of silk, placed on the top of the wig, and used only in pronouncing sentence of death.

In our chat about "The Head and its Coverings," we have been obliged to avoid all mention of the "head-dress," which would have rendered our field too wide for a single paper, this subject belonging more to the realms of "head-dressing."

This will account for no notice being taken of the monstrous horns, turbans, gauge hats, and feathers, and other vagaries of fashion which were hardly "head-coverings" so much as "head-dresses."

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

From force of circumstances we are deprived of written histories of a large portion of the human race, who have lived and labored and died, hence man's wisdom has sought out other sources of enlightenment in regard to the events of past ages, and in this investigation the Keramic art furnishes one of the most valuable aids in elucidating the degree of education, artistic skill, and "comparative civilization of different peoples." And now that pottery and porcelain are claiming universal attention, would it not be well for us to examine more closely into the antiquities of our own beloved land, the depths of whose soil proves to be rich in relics of a race of which the world as yet has limited knowledge.

The mounds so frequent in our western country, which we as children were taught contained the bones of the Indian, with all the accompaniments deemed necessary to his welfare in the spirit-land, have in this day of scientific advancement been found to be the work of an extinct people, far superior to the Red Man. And among the various memorials of their industry and greatness, specimens of pottery have been discovered which, says Foster, "show a perfection far in advance of any samples that have been found characteristic of the stone or even the bronze age of Europe," inasmuch as the Mound Builders ornamented their vessels with curved lines and fret-work, even advancing so far in artistic skill as to mould images of the human form, birds, and quadrupeds, whereas, according to Sir John Lubbock, "few of the British sepulchral urns belonging to the ante-Roman times, have upon them any curved lines. Representations of animals and plants are almost entirely wanting, being even absent from all articles belonging to the bronze age in Switzerland, and I might almost say in Western Europe generally, and the ornamental ideas of the stone age, so far as we know, are confined to compositions of straight lines, the idea of a curve seeming scarcely to have occurred to them, the most elegant ornaments on their vases being impressions made by the finger nail, or by a cord wound round the soft clay."

About seven miles from the battle-ground of Belmont, Missouri, have been exhumed unglazed water-coolers or jars, made upon the same principle as those used in tropical climates at the present day. Some of these bottles consist of a body in the form of a "compressed globe, the neck of the bottle being surmounted by a human head, the orifice for the reception of water being in the occipital region and about an inch in diameter. The features of the face are comely, and one is induced to believe from a critical examination of the head that the artist "skillfully represented the features of his race, and those features are not Indian."

Again, we have a statuette discovered near the same region, representing a captive with arms pinioned so tightly across his back as to bring out the muscles of his shoulders, and upon his face an expression of pain.

Urn burial appears to have prevailed among these Mound Builders, and Prof. Swallow informs us he obtained from a mound in New Madrid, Missouri, a human skull enclosed in an earthen jar, the lips of which were too small to admit of its extraction, leading one to suppose that it had been moulded on the head after death, as was the practice among the Chaldeans.

It is much to be lamented that perhaps the most beautiful article of pre-historic pottery that has been found, and which has been said to have compared favorably with the best Japanese pottery of the present day, was lost in the Chicago fire of 1871.

The chalk banks below the mouth of the Ohio river contained several relics of great merit, among which is a pitcher, said to resemble the Scyphus of the ancients. Its model was the bottle gourd; the neck is moulded in imitation of that of a woman with clubbed hair; the outlet resembling a distorted human mouth, and the whole vessel, though formed by hand, is modeled with great precision.

A very curious specimen was found on the banks of the Cumberland river, and named the "Triune vessel." It consists of three heads joined together at the back near the top by a hollow stem or bottle. Of the three contrivances, two appear young, and the other old.

The largest ancient vessel yet discovered was found in a mound opened at Lancaster, Ohio, being eighteen feet long and sixteen broad, composed of clay and broken shells, and moulded with much smoothness.

What treasures still lie hidden in the earth we do not know, but the specimens discovered proving the perfection attained in the plastic arts, surely cannot be ascribed to a barbarous race. It is to be deplored, indeed, that one could have possessed so little appreciation of pre-historic relics as to permit a slab bearing the mould of a Mound Builder's features to be left carelessly in a field, subject to the destructive agency of the elements, and the tramping cattle, as did a farmer in Macon county, North Carolina, whose plough turned up the curious relic, and revealed a mode of burial consisting of a covering for the body, made of clay, on which was built a hot fire, forming an entire shield of pottery.

During the season of 1872 was discovered another fragment of one of these moulds, containing the impress of a plump human arm.

"The recovery of an entire and perfect clay impression of a Mound Builder's form," says Foster, "would be a matter of the highest scientific interest, as much so as those Roman forms whose impress has been left in the volcanic ashes that settled down upon ill-fated Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago."

FAITH WYNNE.

HOW BULGARIAN TRADERS QUARREL.—A dispute not unfrequently arises and a crowd gathers about the Irate traders; but no blows are struck in the east. A quarrel is accompanied by a series of highly exasperated expectorations, reminding the observers of a nocturnal feline combat. One of the *soi-dis ant* combatants spits upon the pavement in what he conceives to be an intensely malignant and daring way; his antagonist immediately follows suit and spits upon his side of the street in what he imagines to be a more desperate and blood-curdling style, and if the controversy is a very deadly one, the participants keep up a bombardment of the unfortunate sidewalk until their lips are so dry that they rattle in vain to attempt to expend more ammunition. When this point is reached the disputants generally walk off in different directions, turning back every two minutes for the first two miles to shake their fists in the direction they suppose their antagonist to have taken.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have published "The Life of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort," by Theodore Martin. The happy wedded life of Prince Albert and Victoria is here very charmingly described, and the historical epochs which make their united reign so interesting are here vividly painted. The biography of the Queen of England is a most delightful one and is sure to satisfy all readers of this very comprehensive work. It contains fine portraits and views, and is published in 12 mo. form. Vols. I. II. and III of which are now ready. Bound in handsome cloth. Price, per volume, $2.00.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., also publish "History of Opinions on the Spiritual Doctrine of Retribution," by Edward Beecher, D. D. A very complete resume of the philosophy and history of the meaning of the word "*aionios*," applied to eternal punishment is contained in this work of Mr. Beecher's. The author after a very detailed review of the various constructions put upon the words eternal punishment, from the time of the Maccabees to the time of Origen and the general councils, expounds his own theories respecting this vexed and fiercely discussed question of creeds, and he thus concludes: "And even admitting that the doctrine of eternal punishment is the word of God, it seems to be forgotten that allegations may be attached to it that shall make it not to be the word of God, but the greatest falsehood in the universe." This work is very interesting and touches upon a topic which at the present time is destined to receive a very broad interpretation. The book contains 334 pages, and is bound in fine cloth.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., also issue their publication "On the Source of Muscular Power, arguments and conclusions drawn from observations upon the human subject, under conditions of rest and of muscular exercise," by Austin Flint, Jr., M. D., Professor of Physiology and Physiological Anatomy in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York, etc. The author criticises with skill and knowledge the experiments of Liebig and Lehman, Fisk and Wislicenus and Dr. Pavy and compares their results with his own experiments. The work is original and well-written and contains 103 pages. Bound in fine cloth.

Mr. James Miller, of New York, publishes another of his charming "Handy Volume Edition of the Poets," being the "Earlier Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1826–1833." Now first printed in America. A portrait of Mrs. Browning graces the title page. There is a short preliminary sketch of her life. The poems themselves are chiefly interesting because they are the first productions of the gifted woman who in after years made the world echo with her sweet and sublime song. The volume is a beautiful one, bound in ornamented cloth. Price $1.25. All of the above works are for sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

MAGAZINES.

Mr. W. B. Zeiber, of this city, sends us *The Edinburgh Review*, for January, 1878, republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of New York. This famous periodical loses none of its old-time merit, and the papers it contains are all of them by able writers. This number has the following contents: I. The Earls of Cromartie, their Kindred, Country and Correspondence. A critique of William Fraser's work of that title. II. Harvey and Cesalpino. A brilliant essay upon the circulation of the blood. III. The French in Indo-China, gives a most entertaining account of French progress in that Eastern region. IV. Correspondence of Charles Sumner. The writer has not a very exalted idea of the genius or original force of Sumner, but he cannot help crediting that statesman with being a very popular man in England, a lion in society and the admiration of all the *salons* in London. The letters given in this review are pleasant reading. V. Titian. A dissertation on the Venetian painters and the esthetics of color sense. VI. Third Volume of the Prince Consort. A review of this work of Theodore Martin's. VII. Stanley's Discoveries, and the Future of Africa, does full justice to the American explorer. VIII. The Military Power of Russia. A criticism of the duties of the general staff. IX. Mycenæ. A full account of Dr. Schliemann's explorations of Mycenæ. X. The Coming Conclave. A prophecy as to the successor of Pius IX. XI. Principles and Prospects of the Liberal Party.

The March *Wide Awake* gives another frontispiece, entitled: "The Battle of the Three," which is very graphic. It is supplemented by a poem by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates. There is a pretty school story of child-life: "Margy's Two Troubles." "What Johnny Found," is a good story. "The Shovel Brigade," by Emma E. Brown, is very nice and is illustrated. "A Real Kingdom," is a charming poem. "In Lumberland," is an illustrated poem. "Misfortune of Little Miss Muslin," is a humorous story in verse. The serials "True Blue," and a "General Misunderstanding," are interesting. "The Story of a King," is the history of King Arthur and is good. "The Days of Chaucer," is the first of the English literature papers, and is very interesting. There are the usual "Prize Tangled Knots," the "Parlor Pastime," and the Original Music. Only $2 a year, free of postage. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

The Popular Science Monthly supplement for March, reaches us from the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York. It contains 12 fine articles. Professor Huxley writes on "William Harvey," the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Benjamin W. Richardson on "Learning and Health." Professor Goldwin Smith has a splendid paper on the "Proposed Substitutes for Religion." Frederick Pollock one showing research upon the "Details of Spinoza's Life." The other papers of the number are: "Stanley's Discoveries and the Future of Africa;" "On the Nature of Things in Themselves," by W. K. Clifford: "Spontaneous Generation—a Reply," by F. Charlton Bastian, M. D., F. R. S.; "Some Remarks on the Liberty of Science," by F. Von Hellwald. "Carpenter, Wallace and Spiritualism," "The Last of the Gases," "The King of Worlds," "Tame Bears in Sweden," by John Wager. This magazine is really making Science *popular*, and is doing a world of good in disseminating scientific knowledge among the masses.

Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine, published by Messrs. T. S. Arthur & Son, of this city, reaches us for March, 1878. It contains a good paper on "Australia," illustrated, and many good stories; a fine engraving "Charles I. Insulted," fashion plates and miscellany. Terms, $2.50 per year.

The American Agriculturist for March, 1878, is sent us by the publishers, The Orange Judd Co., of New York. It is as full of good things as usual, and all its departments are varied and interesting.

The March number of the *Magazine of American History* (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago), is now ready. The leader is an interesting account, by O. H. Marshall, of Buffalo, of De Celoron's expedition to the Ohio in 1749, illustrated by a map of his itinerary, and containing the inscription on the leaden plates buried by him at the confluences of the rivers he passed. De Celoron was dispatched by the Governor of Canada to anticipate the occupation by the English of the disputed territory south of the Ohio river, the rights over which the treaty of Aix la Chapelle did not definitely settle. This is essentially a new investigation, and is treated with the accustomed grace and skill of the accomplished historian.

The next article is a sketch from the pen of Hon. John R. Bartlett, of Providence, "The Four Kings of Canada," the chiefs of the Six Nations, who visited the court of Queen Anne, under the conduct of C. Nicholson, of Maryland. This article, also, is illustrated by an engraving reduced from the original portraits of the Sachems in four rare prints, now in the collection of the late John Carter Brown.

James Carson Brevoort closes the historical branch of this monthly by a critical investigation of the question, "Where are the remains of Columbus?"

The biography is of Colonel Rudolphus Ritzema, whose interesting diary of the Canada campaign of 1775 appeared last year in the magazine.

The original documents are a series of letters written to Cornelius Ten Broeck, of Rocky Hill, New Jersey, by his sons in the Revolutionary army; entitled "News from Camp."

The reprint is a narrative of Lieutenant Luke Matthewman, of the Revolutionary navy, whose career was full of incident.

The Notes and Queries, and the usual Literary Notices of late historical publications complete this varied and valuable number.

The appearance of new contributors demonstrates the favor with which this magazine is received by the scholars of the country.

Messrs. J. B. Peterson & Bro., of this city, have published: "Joseph Balsamo," by Alexander Dumas, has just been dramatized by his son, Alexander Dumas, Jr., with illustrations of all the characters in the work and play. Joseph Balsamo is published in a large octavo volume, paper cover; price $1.00; and is for sale by all booksellers.

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York, have published, and send us the following music:

"Brave Old Oak," song and chorus; Learned; 35 cents.

"Little Blue Eyes, Sweet and True," song and chorus; Brockway; 40 cents.

"Te Deum Laudamus," (in A); Danks; $1.00.

"Christ our Passover," Easter anthem; Danks; 50 cents. A very good anthem.

Three new Easter hymns by Danks:

"Angels Roll the Rocks Away;" 35 cents.

"Day of Resurrection;" 30 cents.

"At the Lamb's High Feast we Sing;" 35 cents.

The above are *all* good, and of but moderate difficulty.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NEW GLASS.—Dr. Siemens, of Dresden, has invented a new variety of glass, called "hard glass." It is manufactured by means of hydraulic pressure, is said to be stronger than Bastie's glass in the proportion of five to three. It possesses a fibrous rather than crystalline fracture, can be thoroughly annealed, is cheaper than Bastie's "tempered" glass, and, unlike the latter, can be cut to any size with a diamond.

THE USE OF THE MICROSCOPE.—Speaking of the connection between poisonous matter and typhoid and other diseases, Dr. Bartlet has shown that although chemical analysis is unable to detect any impurity in diseased milk or water, the microscope reveals in the water bodies of a fungoid character, identical with those discovered in the *post-mortem* examination of persons who had died of typhoid.

PRINTING IN RUSSIA.—In Russia the use of the electric pen is prohibited. The governments of that country strictly forbids the employment by private persons of anything like printing appliances.

THE USE OF THE NICKEL.—In the arts, nickel is growing rapidly into favor as a substitute for silver in plating steel, iron and other metals. Its commercial demand is rapidly increasing, and as it is much cheaper than silver, it will undoubtedly be adopted in the manufacture of many articles, as a substitute for that more precious metal.

THE FOOD OF MAN.—Chemical analysis discloses the fact that among the many articles used for food, there are only two, wheat and milk, which contain all the elements of the human body, and in the proper proportion. Other articles, such as butter, sugar, syrup, and fat of all kinds, are wholly carbonaceous, or heat producing, so that if a human being were to attempt to live on these articles alone, his brain and muscles would starve. By actual experiment it has been found that a man could not survive two months on such a diet.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.—According to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, it is not difficult to determine by chemical tests the presence of oleomargarine, or artificial butter, as an adulteration in genuine butter, the fact being that fresh butter is completely soluble in methylated ether of specific gravity 0.730 at a temperature of 65 degrees. If methylated alcohol, 63 degrees above proof, be added to this, and well shaken, all the lard, beef, mutton, or tallow fats, that may have been mingled with the butter, will be precipitated.

TO GET LEECHES TO FASTEN.—A writer in *Les Mondes* recommends the following method for getting leeches to fasten immediately. The animals are put in a vessel half filled with cold water. The part of the body which is to receive them is carefully moistened with hot water, and the glass is quickly applied to the skin. The leeches attach themselves with surprising rapidity, and it appears to the patient as though he had only a single bite. When all the animals have bitten, the glass is removed with care, so as to wet the patient as little as possible; the water escaping is received with a sponge or cloth. If the part which is to be attacked by the leeches is very limited, there should be placed over the glass a piece of strong paper with a hole in it, of the dimensions to correspond.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

HE who masters his passion subdues a fearful enemy.

To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so.

UNDER our greatest troubles often lie our greatest treasures.

THE tears of affection are dewdrops from the blue sky of the soul.

HE that knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak.

THERE is hardly any circumstance that it may not have been worse.

HE that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books.

THE envious man grows base by contemplating the success of another.

THOSE who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful.

NEVER deceive, for the heart, once misled, can never trust wholly again.

NO trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper.

THINK not of faults committed in the past when one has reformed his conduct.

IT is not enough to have good qualities we should also have the management of them.

NOBODY takes a reproof so kindly as he that deserves most to be commended.

THOSE who come to you to talk about others are the ones who go to others to talk about you.

NO reports are more readily believed than those which disparage genius and soothe the way of conscious mediocrity.

WE must love our friends as true amateurs love paintings; they have their eyes perpetually fixed on the good parts, and see no others.

HASTE in making one's plans is less valuable than slowness and sureness in the consideration, and all due speed and promptitude in carrying them out.

MOST men call fretting a minor faults, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice, save drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.

THE sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the lightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer.

LIFE is in living. The marble palace is not always the bower of love. Every kind word is a flower, which will beautify our final home. Every good deed is an evergreen, which will mark our resting-place.

THE wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct, the right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

IN the species with which we are best acquainted—namely, our own—I am far, says a writer, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is the happiest season, much less the only happy one.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PERUVIAN GUANO.—Peruvian guano varies in color from a very light yellow or gray to a dark brown hue. It occurs in the form of a powder mixed with lumps, mostly of a crystalline nature, and somewhat difficult to reduce to powder. Guano is rather light, a bushel weighing about seventy pounds; adulterated guano is generally much heavier.

GRAPES AND DEW.—Dew-drops are now accused of producing a peculiar disease of the grape leaves which prevailed in a certain section of France last season, after a heavy dew. The dew-drop being deposited on the tender young leaves, it is absorbed because the leaves are not yet tough enough to withstand the water. The dew-drop expands and ruptures the tissues, resulting in a dead spot on the leaf.

MAKING CHEESE.—Cheese should not be made in rooms where paint has been recently used, as it has a tendency to injure the flavor.

PROFIT OF POULTRY.—It is estimated that there are kept in France 45,00 ,000 hens; the receipts from chicken and poultry for the table equal $30,500,000, and the eggs sell for over $30,000,000.

HORSES IN THE UNITED STATES.—The number of horses in the United States is reckoned at about eight millions. The number in Illinois is greater than in any other State. New York State has over half a million, and the six New England States about the same number. The farm or work-horses of Vermont and Maine are noted throughout the land. Horses that weigh only ten or eleven hundred pounds are generally to be preferred to larger ones, whether for teams in the city or for farm use. Large horses are more common in London than in any other city of the world. But horses that are very large are not usually so quick and tough as smaller ones.

A CURIOUS HOUSE PLANT.—The spray of the carrot is of a handsome green and quite ornamental. In 1629 carrot leaves were worn by ladies in England in place of feathers, and Louden says that an elegant ornament for a sitting-room is formed by cutting off a section of the head or thick end of the carrot, containing the buds, and placing it in a shallow vessel of water. Young and delicate leaves unfold themselves, forming a radiated tuft of a very handsome appearance.

NEGLECTED ORCHARDS.—If one has a neglected orchard, he should not let this spring go by without an attempt to renovate it. Old trunks covered with loose scales of bark, and coated with lichens and mosses, should have in the first place a thorough scraping, and this should extend along the larger limbs so far as is necessary. After this scraping they should receive a strong alkaline wash. There is nothing so good for this purpose as good home-made soft-soap, made from ley (or potash) and grease.

SHEEP FATTENING.—The English feed for fattening sheep consists of cotton seed and turnips. They claim that it will put on the most fat, is the safest food, makes the best mutton at the least cost, and produces the best and strongest manure.

SWAMP MUCK.—Of swamp muck, its use and value, a Saratoga (N. Y.) correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "I have had quite an experience for twenty years with muck, and the best results have been obtained by me when digging and piling it in ridges in the swamp in the fall or summer, letting it remain to dry and slake until it is refined by the atmosphere; then I draw it into the stock yards and pig yards, where it will absorb all liquids. I draw it out in the spring and spread on broadcast, or put it in the hill for corn as I may need it. The results have been satisfactory with me, and I consider muck treated in this manner equal to common stock manure for grass or any crop on the farm."

SOOT AS A FERTILIZER.—Perhaps it may not have occurred to some of our lady readers that the refuse soot of our chimneys is one of the most valuable stimulants and fertilizers they can have for their garden flowers. Its use, however, is very beneficial.

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THE POST solicits stories of all kinds, but it is impossible to guarantee the return of manuscripts or the immediate publication of them in any case.

NEW SERIALS, GOOD, FIRST-CLASS, INTERESTING AND EXCITING serials by the best authors, will, by special arrangement of the proprietors of the POST, make their appearance in its columns.

WE should be thankful in these dark times that we possess the solace of being able to read good books, good papers, and good periodicals, for love of reading is not only a solace which can be enjoyed by the poor as well as the rich, but it is often a luxury which no wealth can purchase.

ANOTHER GREAT STORY, BITTER SWEET, or ROBERT YORKE'S FATE AND FORTUNE, will appear in our next. This is a story full of intense effect—a picture from the very life—a portrayal of emotion and passion painted from nature itself—and contains a delineation of character which is very graphic and absorbing.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL. We shall give more importance to this department in the future, as it comprises a topic which is awakening general interest, and in the near future we hope, having entered into arrangements with competent scientists, to furnish our readers papers from time to time upon scientific subjects which will prove very captivating.

MISCELLANY. The miscellany of the POST is always of the best description. It will be found that we have taken great pains to select, collate, condense and paraphrase much which is valuable, and much which is at the same time diverting. Scattered through the columns of this paper its readers will find a rich store in our miscellany, and they will discover that research, care and thoroughness have been used in order to present each week a varied and pleasing number of articles upon topics which are just suited to their tastes.

A SHORT STORY filling only a column and a half, if pointed and effective, is worth a score of columns of inferior stuff, which is only written with an evident intent to fill space. The beauty of a short story is its perfect and concise treatment of the narrative, so that the whole scene is painted, as it were, with one quick and artistic sweep of the brush. Short stories, in this regard, bear a strong resemblance to the sketches of painters, in which, oftentimes, there is more power and effect, more poetry, and more breadth of chiaroscuro than in the finished picture.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT, Fashion Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat. Now the spring fashions are coming in, this department will be the favorite oracle for our lady readers to consult respecting the style and materials of the latest toilettes. As regards the Fireside Chat and Queries, there is such a demand for responses and such a number of applicants who take an interest in these topics, that the columns allotted to them are overcrowded, and we cannot do full justice to them in our answers. Of course all correspondents will be promptly answered in their order.

WHEN Lord Chesterfield wrote his celebrated letters upon etiquette he was doing great and good service to a community which was at that time not only boorish, but to a terrible degree sensual and reckless. Lord Chesterfield's advice we of this age have of course outgrown to a great extent, but we are not yet perfect in the *code of manners* which true civilization demands, and therefore the authoress of Home Culture is doing infinite service by her very profound analysis into the reasons of the "law of culture," and its practical interpretation.

ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

We must give credit to the optimist for a certain divination into human nature which discerns all springs of moral action to be prompted by the best desires, and we are better for believing that God created the universe and his chief work, man, for the highest good. We do not have any creed founded on the theory that Nature is a pitiless autocrat, and that we are the mere creatures of circumstance. To believe that all is for the best is to possess a certain innate faith, and at the same time a species of contentment which is at once a stimulant and a refreshment. A sedative and an awakener to action, not the torpid contentment which is apt to possess souls weakened by the opposite belief that all is for the worst, and which renders them content because they see no need of further struggle with destiny, and which is born only of calm despair.

When we look at this question therefore in such a light, we read the axiom of the "survival of the fittest" in the true spirit of interpretation; and comprehend how man is destined to advance step by step, higher and higher, unto the best and the most perfect. Man is the "fittest" being to survive of all the universal creatures, and this faith we ought to make our creed, because it is a noble, a bright and a hopeful one.

It is not in the same spirit that the Turk, the follower of the Prophet, believes in his *kismet*, or fate. He says, "it is the will of Allah; I bow to his will!" and he sinks into his opium lethargy, and the sensuality of his nature becomes his destroyer. Not so, the optimist, whose maxim is "all is for the best." He stimulated, nerved to highest action by his belief, makes himself master of circumstances, acknowledges no fate, and feels impelled by a moral power which is irresistable, that all his strivings are for "the best;" and prompted by such an impulse, his deeds will be good, his soul will be loyal to its Creator, his yearnings towards an ideal, and the fruition of his labors crowned ultimately with the highest reward. This is the true reading of the maxim, and it does not behoove any one of us to degrade ourselves by accepting a darker interpretation thereof.

SANCTUM CHAT.

CONSIDER this, ye brides who are forced into matrimony by cruel parents and unrelenting friends, that the Tasmanian form of marriage consists in knocking the bride senseless with a club and dragging her to the hut of the spouse. How much better off are the brides of this Caucasian civilization?

WHAT they call "mum parties," it seems are all the rage down East. Entrance fee, ten cents—fifteen cents extra for "talk." It would be a good idea to make a great many parties "mum" parties in the fullest sense of that term, and have no talking at all, for the simple reason that there is too much bosh and verbose commonplace which usurps the place of real conversation at many of those *soirees*. Conversation is a high art, and it requires gifts which the great mass of men and women who congregate to enjoy an evening, dance, gossip, and eat, do not possess. Small talk is the curse of the salon.

THERE was a grocer once upon a time, the quietest and meekest of men, and a good fellow, too. Well, this grocer was bothered every day at noon by a fellow who ran in, deliberately sat down in the store, talked about the weather and politics, and coolly helped himself to handfuls of crackers and then as coolly cut himself large slices of cheese until he had accommodated himself to a superb luncheon. The grocer bore it a long, long while in silence and patience, but one day he went over to the other fellow's store; he was a hatter, and tried on one of his latest silk hats. "What size d'ye take, Mr. Bazun," said the hatter, eager for a new customer. The grocer, securing a fine hat, walked to the door, saying: "The size of a cheese, Mr. Hoppeldoofer, and this makes us square!"

IN an orchestra there is nothing finer than the voices of the wind instruments—that is to say of the oboes, bassoons, clarionets and flutes. These when properly modulated are almost human in their tone and expression. The string instruments are of different quality and represent certain phases of feeling, and the violoncello alone represents the subtle poetry of pure music which the wind instruments inspire always. The brass instruments, such as the cornets, French horns, trumpets, trombones and tubas are apt to be too obtrusive and noisy unless under the sway of a perfect leader, like Theodore Thomas, for example. Yet the French horn has all the sweetness, the melancholy *timbre* which the violoncello and the wood instruments possess, and it, too, breathes the very soul of feeling.

JUST to think of what Science is accomplishing. Here come a couple of chemists, one M. Pictet, of Geneva, and one M. Cailletet, of France, and they announce, to the great astonishment of the French Academy, that they have succeeded in reducing gases to actual liquid form. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, have all been converted by their processes into fluids, and what is very wonderful the very air we breathe has actually been condensed into the same condition! What the result of these discoveries will be it is not easy to determine. Certainly, scientists will have an opportunity to study these refractory gases more perfectly and discover whether or not they are really simple elements. Then, too, someone of these liquid gases may be found to dissolve carbon, and veritable diamonds thus be manufactured from the solution or crystalization. This discovery is one of the wonders of modern science.

THE discussion about the currency recalls the iron money of Lycurgus, in which debtors generally paid their creditors by the cart-load. Such a circulating medium could only literally circulate by being fired from a cannon, as it was too cumbersome to carry. Still even this iron money was not as inconvenient as the payment of debts in cattle, for instance, when a man had to drive a whole flock of sheep into his creditor's yard in order to settle accounts. Such a thing as pocket money in those days was simply out of the question, and when sheep were the medium, a man who had a little lamb, like Mary, was "flush." It is hard to predict what the money of the future will be, whether of metal, paper, leather, or other more ponderous and durable substances, but if the iron money of Lycurgus comes into fashion again, it will certainly be secure from thieves, and the robbery of bank vaults and fire-proof safes will be less frequent.

TO make what is called a "hit" in any specialty, is a decidedly difficult thing to accomplish. Popular taste is exceedingly capricious, and then very few men of genius, are the favorites of the people; but nothing as much exhibits a lucky "hit" as the modern comic song, when it takes among the masses. Many a composer has wasted words and melody upon some bit of funny composition and put it forth to be made a popular air, and has been grievously disappointed. Some other more fortunate musician writes a piece of pure nonsense, sets it to music, and it at once becomes the rage. The hand organs play it, and the girls jingle it on the piano, the boys whistle it, and it is really a "hit." When we come to criticise it and examine into the words and music and try to find out upon what all this sudden popularity is founded, we are compelled to come to the conclusion that the piece is really one of merit, of genius, and that it contains all the elements which go to make any production of human genius popular.

WHAT will the drama of the future be? It is very evident that the theatrical art is becoming better and better year after year, and as modern dramatists improve in selection of subject and in treatment, we must have a very hopeful outlook for the future in this regard. Although the plays performed at present are excellent in plot, design and coloring, and although they "point a moral" vividly, yet it must be said that the drama does not keep pace with literary art or painting in any respect. The painting of the modern masters is an actual transcript from nature—it is replete with detail and knowledge. The literature of the age also catches the superb spirit of modern life, and our novel-writer is as fine an artist to-day, as our painter. Not so in the drama. Here, though the plays are good, excellent—often works of fine talent—it is to be remarked that there is a defect visible, inasmuch as the art scarcely conceals the art. This is probably due to the fact that a play is written for an audience who are not, strictly speaking, intellectual. Not that they lack culture, but they go to the theatre to be amused, to be distracted, as the French have it, from the realities of the day, and they are ready to applaud anything which affords such distraction. Then again, the music, the glitter of the scene, the shifting glamour of the stage effects, and even the audience itself—all these tend to lend an artificial value to the piece—a value which, if the play were recited upon the platform of a lecture-room, in daylight, it could scarcely attain. But the drama is steadily improving, and as the audiences become more critical, so, too, managers will see that it is to their advantage to produce really intellectual plays. The drama of the future may then reproduce the theatre of Greece, and the fine intellectual vigor of Athenian times.

TO adopt and perfectly carry out means to an end, the great thief is singularly successful. In his endeavor is apparent all that singleness of purpose which characterizes a work of true genius. There are no episodes for effect. There is a unity of purpose everywhere. Money, cash, valuables, the great necessary of life, is the end proposed; the means to such an end must be direct, ingenious, simple. There is known to exist in the vault of a certain bank so many thousands of paper dollars, valuable, nevertheless, and guarded more efficiently than the precious Hesperidian apples. To obtain the *summum bonum*, the great thief hath two methods, the intellectuo-mechanical, and the purely intellectual. The first requires wit and machinery, together with patience and plodding. The second requires all the greatest gifts of the individual, humor, knowledge of human nature, nervousness, or properly nervelessness, colloquial powers, and the delicate sense of fearing to intrude, the fear of being thought a bore, and the consequent anxiety to hasten matters and leave at the crisis. To tunnel one's way to the bank vault is an old yet sufficiently clever instance of the intellectuo-mechanical method of appropriation. The course pursued by the Kensington bank robbers was one of purely intellectual means, and the work was truly a specimen of genius, yet not, however, the work of the cultured and studious and elaborate man of genius, but somehow slovenly in detail, vulgar in some minutiæ, yet, nevertheless, highly successful. There was a lady purchasing some velvets in the Palais Royal. A man, elegantly attired, was observed watching her through the bulk window, and at the instant at which she was about to present a large note for the payment of her purchase, the outsider rushed in and pulled from her hand the money, saying as he did so in excited tones: "Madam, how often have I told you not to make any purchases without my consent!" hastily left the store, much to the consternation of the lady. "You're husband is violent," said the shopkeeper. "I don't know the man!" shrieked the lady. "I never saw him before." This was certainly a fair example of an ingenious device, which, had it been on a larger scale, would have been more worthy of critical admiration.

HOME CULTURE.

XXXVI.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Wherever New Englanders go, whether it be as teachers, as men of business, or as members of social circles, they carry with them their own healthy ideas, vigorous opinions and indomitable energies, infusing them into the communities where they dwell, and circulating new blood through the old veins, while in those towns where the first settlers have been emigrants from all European nations, with no preponderance of Anglo-Saxon blood, and so large proportion of descendants from New England families, settling later, it is found that the business men are not, as a rule, highly cultivated men. They have not had the liberal education that the business men of New England have had. The question naturally arises, "Why is this?" and the answer is found in the fact that, until after our civil war, men of business in these towns were not considered the equals of idle men, or of professional men even. Quite naturally, parents ambitious for their children's social position did not wish to have them go into business, and chose professions for them; while those who did go into business did not receive the liberal education which was a necessity for the professional man.

The old saying that manners make the man ought to be changed to Education makes the man and manners are the guage of his degree of culture.

Business men, with professional men, are now the leading men in all our towns and cities; they are, as Calvert says, the men of influence, of solid worth and weight, who are teaching to those who have despised labor, the lesson that mankind rests on work, moves on work, and holds its place in the great onward march of civilization only by work.

If the foundation of our republic is self-government, its corner stone is labor. If it draws its breath of life from character, to change the simile—character which is the result of self-government—what breath but corrupting miasma could it draw from those stagnant characters which are too torpid for the infusion of progressive ideas?

The idle man, the man who does not hold his riches and his talents for the use of mankind, as does the manufacturer with his operatives, the merchant with his subordinates, who knows of no interests outside of and beyond his own family, or his own selfish hobbies, is left, he and his, uncomfortably behind in these days. The men of business that stride forward, will walk past him or over him. Thus it was with the French *noblesse* after 1789; and so it is now with "old families" that will not learn. In these electric times they are thrust from their thrones by families that have aptitude for new things. Calvert tells us, An old race, he says, that cannot take in new principles, thereby shows that it is exhausted, is become mentally barren.

Various essays, worth preserving, were written by foreigners and our own essayists, during the Centennial year, upon the distinguishing peculiarities of the American race and of American society. To New York was given the palm for a cosmopolitan spirit, and for a gay society rivalling that of Paris.

Philadelphia society received the following tribute:—Its merits are of that quiet, undemonstrative kind, that are best appreciated by long acquaintance. If not brilliant, it is sound and sincere; if exclusive, it is home-loving and hospitable within its prescribed limits; if somewhat dull, its best society is never vulgar.

Of the society of our Capital it has been said:—The elements which go to make up that grand compound which we call Washington society, and all admit it is a most fascinating conglomerate, are numerous and varied. One is continually brought face to face with persons of both sexes as to whom one wonders how they ever escaped from the obscurity they adorned and found their way to salons where they jostle the *ancien noblesse*. One finds here a number of those whose "forbears," to use the homely word, took the foremost places which others who think it not wise to pry into ancestral records now occupy. The members of Congress from the rural districts, to whom hitherto a "husking bee" or similar provincial gathering, including ministerial donation parties, have been the highest form of social dissipation inciniting both sexes, are invited to dine with foreign ministers who have been educated in the etiquette of the table as thoroughly as in the "small-talk" of drawing-rooms and the manœuvring of diplomacy.

Boston society was commented upon as follows:—A perfectly unique feature of Boston is the aristocracy it breeds. There is no other American city that possesses this element. This American aristocracy has, of course, no titles; but an aristocracy it is, nevertheless. Some of its members are richer than others; a few are of very limited means; but all keep up their traditions, gentility of manners, and purity of blood, just as sternly as any patrician family of Tuscany or Old Castile. The existence of this aristocracy gives a peculiar character to Boston. It makes money a secondary consideration; wealth is less sought for; business is less exciting, and the whole social machinery accordingly works much more smoothly. There is no rush either in the street or in the counting-house. Nobody seems to be in a hurry either to make a fortune or to ruin himself, and the New York alternative of Murray Hill or hell seems to be unknown here. This is supposed to have a very beneficial influence on the moral condition of the community; at all events, the historians think so, though some people outside deny it. But what is true beyond any question is that this aristocracy, living on the incomes, large or small, which it possesses, does all the work of culture for which Boston is both so celebrated and so much sneered at. It may be safely asserted that there is no town on the face of the globe which has ever accumulated within the same space and time such an amount of intellectual and artistic resources.

This is a foreigner's one-sided opinion. Every one who knows anything of the best society in New York or in Philadelphia, and in other of our cities as well, knows that in all of them there are families who keep up their traditions, cultivated manners, and pride of blood just as sternly as do the descendants of the Puritans of England. To the Puritan, the Huguenot, and the Quaker colonists we owe, in common, our debt of gratitude as a people. This element of aristocracy is kept out of sight more in Philadelphia than it is either in Boston or in New York, because, while the Puritans and the Huguenots preserved with great care their family traditions and insignia of good descent, the Quakers as studiously avoided all the evidences of worldly pride. Consequently there are among them families in whose veins flows some of the oldest blood in England—older than that of any peer of the present time,—some of the members of which are ignorant of the fact. It may be said that they would be utterly indifferent to it if they did know it, but all experience shows us that there is no such thing as indifference concerning one's ancestry, that the peasant preserves its records, where he has any, as carefully as the peer.

Some Quaker families have handed down, from generation to generation, their family Bibles with the same scrupulous care that the New England and the Virginia colonists have observed in behalf of their family portraits, old silver and armorial bearings, brought with them from the mother country. A family Bible of the edition of 1616, printed in London, is still in possession of a New Jersey Quaker family, which has descended eight generations in this country, in the line of the oldest member of each generation who bore the Christian name of the ancestor that brought it with him from Devonshire, in England, 1677. The family (the Devonshire branch) became extinct in England more than a century ago, and the heirs in this country were then advertised for; a property of millions of pounds sterling accruing to them; but the descendants of the old Quaker colonist, true to their principles, answered that they had enough of this world's goods, and refused to take the necessary legal steps which would have kept one of the noblest castles in England from falling to the crown. Of such stuff were our forefathers made. Where are there any men worthy of them now?

In another Quaker household exists a family Bible of the Geneva version, printed in 1589. A very finely executed drawing of a greyhound in this Bible was the means by which the family were able to identify themselves with the English family of the same name still owning the very estates at "Ayhoe-on-the-hill" in Oxfordshire, near Northamptonshire, from which the first ancestor emigrated, after having been imprisoned in England on account of his religious faith. But enough has been said to show that the Quakers possess in common with the Puritans and the early Dutch colonists, the same elements of aristocracy claimed by this English writer exclusively for the Bostonians. There is no denying that the Quakers also have kept up to a certain degree the education and the cultivation which has always distinguished them as a sect; although, possibly for the reason that their schools and colleges have not, until late years, presented equal advantages with those of New England, there has not been sufficient progress made in the advancement of correct views concerning the value of a liberal education to insure that degree of culture among Quakers engaged in trade, which is so generally found among the Boston business men.

As soon as parents will give their sons going into trade the same liberal education which is now reserved for those who are to take up professions (as is done in France among the wealthy men of the provinces,) then we can glory in the sneer of Europeans which sets us down as "a nation of business men." Times have changed since business men were looked down upon and excluded from clubs. Only one club in aristocratic England now shuts its doors upon them. A European, who had been passing some months in America, falling among its best circles, found himself at an English watering place, and more than once, at the provincial club of the town, took occasion to answer some of the ill-natured "flings" which some Englishmen delight in showering on Americans, though of course not in their presence. "Well, I dare say they are improving as a people, but you must acknowledge that they are awful murderers of the King's English," answered the attacking Englishman. "On the contrary," said the European, "I have heard the King's English worse murdered in the six weeks that I have been a member of this club than in the six months that I was in America."

To return to "the labor question." Zimmerman says that the first desire of every active mind is employment, and that from the monarch on the throne to the laborer in the cottage, every man should have a daily task. Bagehot says that business really interests more than pleasure, and this may be one reason why we find the sons of English earls and dukes embarking in trade. Prince Bismarck even has a paper mill, and displayed the product of his works at the World's Exposition at Vienna. The Cavalier di F., of Florence, in addition to his important labors as member of Parliament, gives personal attention to his enormous business—the exportation of marble and rags.

Yet, there are Americans who still think it a passport to favor with those high in position in European society, who have carefully mentioned the fact that they were not business men, soon after an introduction to a foreigner. Could they realize the effect produced they would be more sensible in future.

Equally foolish and self-denouncing is the course of those other Americans who scatter fulminations against pride of race, and affect to despise it: for, as has been well said, those only sneer at it who are ignorant of their own descent. In these times of corruption, more than ever before, is there need that pride of worthy ancestry should be encouraged, and stainless names be handed down from parents to children as the most precious hair-looms in a Republic,—hair-looms which nothing but disgrace can rob of the advantages which they confer. Pride of ancestry is innate and cannot be crushed out by poverty, nor by the ridicule of those who know nothing of the past history of their families; for, although that power of change which is mightier than thrones or principalities, is ever at work, leaving its traces in the impoverishing of many an ancient line as the centuries vanish, it cannot stain an unstained name; and herein lies the long continued vitality of pride of race. Pride of position, pride of wealth, pride of rank, all succumb before this power of change, leaving only that pride of worth which not even poverty can subdue, until culture has failed to do her share in sustaining it. This pride is genuine and worthy pride; it looks upon no labor as degrading; while false pride, fostered by the sentiments of a society rotten to the core, as far as correct views of the ennobling power of work are concerned, leads its possessor to prefer idleness with dependence instead of labor with independence. Genuine pride causes its possessor to feel that no work, not even the menial occupations of a billiard marker or a stone breaker, can degrade a worthy name. The last member of the noble Italian family Foscari acted on the stage for a livelihood; the last scion of the noble French house of de Courcey was a carpenter at Bordeaux; a descendant of a peer died recently in a charity hospital in London, after having hawked books in the streets for a living, rather than make his wants known to his numerous titled and wealthy relatives; even Louis Philippe taught school in the days of his necessity. All countries have their decayed or reduced families. In America wealth is seldom held in one family for more than three generations; but though the wealth disappears for a time, the resolute blood which flowed in the veins of those who made it, transmits its qualities to descendants who, if they hold right views of work, preferring independence with toil to ease with dependence, looking upon no form of labor as degrading, are sure to win it back again. God helps those who help themselves. Men who have made their fortunes speedily by lucky speculations or slowly by long-continued and faithful attention to business, with men who have inherited their money, all rank in the same category, if they have no culture to recommend them to hold a permanent place in our best society, even though they should be lineal descendants of some of the oldest and proudest families in Europe. For a time, society may be beguiled by their hospitality, or led by curiosity of some sort or another, to meet under the roofs of such; but when curiosity is satisfied and hospitalities require returns, society drops those who lack its requirements in manners and culture, unless it is for its interest to keep up a show of kind feeling. Such are the persons who, though in society, are made to feel that they are not of it; and as long as there are cads and snobs in the world of fashion, so long will there be found people whose only return for hospitalities from this class will be impertinences.

In London it is a common thing for would-be grand dames occupying for the season the houses of noblemen, to send out ball invitations to long lists of persons whom they do not know, and to whom their names are unknown. Such a thing is never heard of in the United States. The invitations, if sent, would not be accepted by people moving in our best society; but in London it is constantly done. In our cities, it is the oldest resident who makes the first advance in exclusive circles, unless circumstances make it the province of the later comer to take the initiatory. Exceptions to this general rule are made when invitations are given to meet a common friend visiting the newest comer; when invitations are asked for older residents, who have expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of the lady inviting; and when many friends in common make it agreeable to the new-comer to include those who, no longer entertaining themselves, have expressed a feeling of delicacy in reference to making the first call upon those who do entertain.

One need never be afraid of civilities being misunderstood by ladies and gentlemen, and any lady moving in the same class of circles with another whom she may wish to invite to her house, should not be prevented by fear of being misunderstood, or of encountering rudeness, from bestowing her attentions where she wishes to bestow them, even although age or priority of residence has not conferred upon her the privilege of doing so. An invitation or an attention of any description gives evidence of that kind feeling which persons of gentle breeding appreciate too well to misunderstand. It may be declined, and possibly the reason not given at length; but no mistake can be made by the noble-hearted in the genuineness of the kind heart that prompts the attention; and to doubt that it is so, is to throw discredit upon some of the best impulses of human nature, and to discourage that hospitality which Scripture enjoins. It is true that it requires a certain amount of moral development to comprehend magnanimity and not to look behind it for selfish motives, as mean natures always do. Those who misinterpret acts of kindness should not forget that they give evidence of a want of nobleness of nature in so doing. Very often it is the dormant evil in our own hearts which we are most ready to suspect in others.

It has been shown that old families go down from lack of culture, more than from want of money, together with a lack of correct ideas as to what kinds of work are degrading, and what kinds not degrading, to their station in life. We have also seen that in order to remove all grounds for the plea that the associations of business have a tendency to lower the tone of thought and rob the manners of that degree of refinement which our best society demands as its passport, the same advantages of culture must be given to our young men who enter counting houses as to those who choose professions. In the meantime let men who are not in business remember if they betray any lack of culture they will be far more severely dealt with, by persons capable of judging, than will the men who have not found time in the cares of business to perfect themselves in the evidences of culture which the cultured require. There are always found in every community small souls who, judging others by their own ignoble standard of pride, fancy they can wound families by public allusions to the occupation by which inherited money was made, or by sneers at the business which has brought success to a business man. Some of the letters published in "Puck" last summer contained such allusions to the antecedents of New York families. The only humiliation possible to a cultivated person, or to one holding right views of the relative merits of labor and idleness, must arise from the thought that these small souls belong to the human family, and that the individuals who hold such belittling ideas, and write such slurring vulgarities, are in one sense their brothers. The only gospel to regenerate such natures is the gospel of work. When they have once subscribed to its tenets, life will open out new fields for them, in which they can seek that success which they have envied in others, and learn the force of the lines already quoted:

Honor and shame in no condition lie;
Act well thy part—therein the honor lies.

Success generally attends the exertion of those who start on this basis.

A nobleman, reduced in circumstances, who had gone into business in Europe, was asked whether he made a good business man. He answered, "I do not know. I only know that I make a good business." The laws of change work even more wonderful revolutions in Europe than with us.

The story is told of Charles XV. that after his coronation at Drontheim, upon his return to his capital, he passed the night at the house of a landed proprietor whose family had carefully guarded for more than eight hundred years the record of its descent from one of the old Scandinavian kings. "If all had gone right," said the landholder to Charles XV., "I would have been crowned king at Drontheim to-day instead of you!" "But all did not go right, for you," answered the King. And in this way many may console themselves for the hard blows dealt by fate. Had all gone right for them, they might to-day have been enjoying the wealth and the position which have fallen to the lot of some of their acquaintances, or they might even have held places among the princes and the potentates of our earth. Whether they would have been any happier with the additional cares, responsibilities and envyings which wealth and distinction shower upon their possessors, is another theme for consideration.

It has been demonstrated in a previous chapter that neither wealth nor distinction is a necessary passport to our best society, but that good manners are an essential requisite. The higher the society, the fewer are the social inhumanities which are encountered. Those persons who have access only to so-called fashionable society find in its ranks many well-bred men and women, just as in a garden roses and lilies blossom in the same soil with flaunting marigolds and gay hollyhocks, and just as the beauty of the roses and lilies makes even the contrast of the coarse flowers not unpleasing, so the courtesies of the well-bred atone for the irritating social barbarities which narrow minds, bad hearts and ignoble natures delight in inflicting.

One of the first requirements of good breeding is to pass over without notice all omissions and commissions. This is the wisest course, as well as the course of the worldly wise. Persons unaccustomed to rudenesses, and whose organizations make it impossible ever to get accustomed to them, sometimes find it difficult to refrain from rehearsing them, but no other dignified notice can ever be taken than that which is shown in avoiding the society of the ill-mannered persons who inflict them. It gives too much importance to ignorance and self-conceit to publish incivilities. Besides, those who use the lash like to see that it has brought blood.

There are some sensitive natures whom social inhumanities affect like thorns festering in a wound. They turn and turn them, looking to see how the thorns have inflamed and swollen the delicate nerves and tissues. Pull out the thorns, bandage the bleeding flesh, show it to no one, keep it out of sight, and before you know it the pain has gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE AND TWO.

I.

If you to me be cold,
Or I be false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do:
The clouds will flirt with the moon,
The sun will kiss the sea,
The wind to the trees will whisper,
And laugh at you and me!
But the sun will not shine so bright,
The clouds will not seem so white,
To one, as it will to two:
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the old love go on,
Just as it used to do.

II.

If the whole of a page be read,
If a book be finished through,
Still the world may read on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
For other lovers will con
The pages that we have passed,
And the treacherous gold of the binding,
Will glitter unto the last,
But eyes have a lonely look,
And one may not read the book—
It opens only to two!
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the reading go on
Just as it used to do.

III.

If we who have sailed together,
Flit out of each other's view,
The world will sail on, I think,
Just as it used to do,
And we may reckon by stars
That flash from different skies,
And another of love's pirates
May capture my lost prize;
But ships long time together
Can better the tempest weather
Than any other two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
That we together may sail
Just as we used to do.

THE RIVEN CLOUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "REAPING THE WHIRLWIND," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

He looks up into my face as if he were going to answer, and then suddenly his tired head falls into his hands, and he begins to sob. How terrible this is to me he shall never know.

I set the cup down quietly, and, with my arms around him, I kiss him again and again; but I can say nothing—I can do nothing. He is worn and feeble and despondent, and now a great humiliation is on its way to us and to him; but I can give him neither strength, nor rest, nor help.

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!"

The words start up before my eyes, and my thoughts hold them, half dazzled and frightened. One hundred pounds will make father a strong and hopeful man again. One hundred pounds will make us free from care, as we used to be. One hundred pounds will take away this hair-suspended sword above us. One hundred pounds will give Philip the life he longs for, and keep him with us. Ah, one hundred pounds will save us all!

"Jeanie, things have reached a crisis now, and everything we have must go."

I hear father's low and heavy words distinctly, yet other words are still before my eyes, and echoing in my ears.

"Father"—I am on my knees before him, and my eyes eagerly and longingly are reading his—"one hundred pounds would save us all, wouldn't it?"

He answers only with the faintest, dreamiest smile, because he thinks I am touching wild impossibilities.

"Would it, father? Would one hundred pounds save us all?"

"Half of it, Jeanie. Even one quarter of it would take us over Christmas. But, Jeanie dear, if it were one thousand, it could be no further beyond our reach."

"Oh, father, we could have the money if—if you say that——"

I cannot finish the sentence. I dare not say a word to influence him. I dare only tell him simply what has happened, and leave it all to him.

Then, with a strange catching in my breath, I wait for his answer. It comes at last, just in his usual patient tones, though his cheeks have flushed so feverishly while I was speaking.

"Jeanie, there was no word in the bill of crime or fraud?"

"No, father."

"I could not suspect it; could you, Jeanie?"

"No, father."

"Then we need not betray him. Our house is his home now, and—we could not take this money, could we, Jeanie? He is poor, like ourselves. Life is a struggle for him, as it is for us. Dear, can we spend these toilsome, disappointing days without knowing what such days are like to others? Can we know what it is to be weary and hungry and heartsick too?"

"But the one hundred pounds?"

I say it slowly, as if I longed for the money; yet there is a great lightening of my heart on hearing my father's answer—

"Jeanie, your decision is my own, I know. We will not save ourselves at the expense of others. Presently perhaps it will be all less hard for us. Soon work must come to me, I think, because I try so hard. And I can work, dear, though I am old—and a little failing now."

"Old!" I whisper, with his hands tight in mine, and my eyes filled with tears. "Why, father, a year's prosperity would make you strong again. It is only denial and fatigue and disheartenment. Oh, father"—as, like a stab, I feel that greater suffering and privation are in store for him than he has ever yet known—"take the hundred pounds."

"My child," he answers, softly drawing my head down upon his breast that I may not look any more into his face, "would that be having compassion one of another?"

The key is put into the front door at that minute and then a slow step comes along the passage. Every sound seems so strangely loud and distinct to me to-night that this step sounds like a disturbance of all the quiet of the house. I rise hurriedly to my feet, because, instead of going straight upstairs as usual, Mr. Carden has come into the parlor, without even pausing at the door.

"I look in to apologize for being so late," he says, glancing quite inquisitively from father to me, but with his usual broad smile. "I was detained in Chelsea, and then I made a stupid mistake in the train. I positively believe I have been two hours coming home."

"Jeanie," father says—and I quite understand why, after having just heard my story, it is easier for him to address me than our lodger—"he must be very tired and cold? Persuade him to try a little of your nice warm coffee, dear."

"Not to-night," he says. Of course I am relieved, because I have made only just what father himself ought to drink; but I certainly think his reply a little curter than it need be. "I will try it another time. Good night."

And he goes away without closing the door, while father glances involuntarily and deprecatingly at me. Then he tries, poor father, in a sudden uncertain manner, to talk of old times—the old, old times before his marriage, where Mr. Carden's name could have no possible place.

CHAPTER XI.

Father does not attempt to leave home next morning, but he walks restlessly and nervously about the rooms, and seems ever to be listening for some expected voice or step. Aunt Charlotte reproaches him a good deal, but he scarcely seems to hear what she says. At last, late in the afternoon, his restlessness almost suddenly leaves him, and he sits down close to the parlor fire, stooping very much, and gazing wearily into it, but, as I can plainly see, still listening for the expected sound. Lottie runs for the kettle, and I lay the table for tea—an early tea will do us all good, and rouse father from his dreary watching.

But, before the tea is ready, and while the gas in the shop is still unlighted, I see Philip enter and walk quietly to the counter, almost as if he were a customer. Somehow, without understanding why, my heart sinks as I go softly up to him and take both his hands in mine.

"I am going, Jeanie," he says, drawing one hand away, and throwing down upon the counter the half of a railway-ticket which he has been holding. "I have had that given me to-day. It is the return half of a Liverpool ticket, and I cannot afford to waste it. I need not have gone till to-morrow—I might have had another evening with you; but this must decide me. A Liverpool man I used to know has come to London on business, and been detained, so he gave me that ticket, and I—must go."

I can feel how all the life and color have left my face, and I wish the shop were darker still, that Philip might not see; but yet I don't think that anything could make his eyes look any sadder than they do.

"The parting has come in earnest now," he says, putting his hand up to his throat, as if it hurts him when he speaks. "Jeanie, for Heaven's sake let it be soon over!"

And yet he holds me—ah, so tightly now!—and his eyes seem as if they could not leave my face again. What a terrible thing it is, this double sorrow! The sorrow for ourselves I almost think just now is swallowed up in the misery of each other's sorrow.

"Oh, my love," he says, with one strong, tearless sob, "I never thought that this farewell would be so hard. I thought I had prepared myself for it. I thought that the long fear of our parting was as bad as the real parting could be. And now—oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, when I shall look in vain for your dear face——"

"I shall never seem to look in vain for yours, Philip," I whisper, trying so hard to win a little courage now; "for I shall see you everywhere. I shall hear the voice I love in every silence. I—I can never feel very far away from you, Philip."

"That thought," says Philip, rather huskily, "shall give me strength. My perfect happiness is to be near you, Jeanie. Oh, in your heart, will you keep me near you always—always?"

I could keep him near me, not in my heart only—I could give him the work he loved—the home which he and I had so happily anticipated—I could make this exile unnecessary—I could lay my fingers upon his lips as this miserable "good-bye" faltered past them, and could bring the old happiness into his face again, the old content into his heart—I could do all this, if——"

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!"

Oh, if the words would but cease their ringing in my ears! If I could but for one moment shut them from my dazed and aching eyes!

"Jeanie," Philip cries, breaking this pained silence of mine, "speak to me. I see your great pity for me, but the farewell must come, and no words—no words of yours, my dear, can be so hard to bear as my own painful thoughts."

And now a little courage comes to me. I look up into my dear Philip's sad, pale face, and I tell him—not so brokenly as I feared I should speak—that I know all will be well presently; that we have no deed to fear separation, because we shall be so true to each other; that our hearts will always seem to be one, though half the world may lie between us for a time; and that when we meet again these hard days will be over.

"Hard days!" Philip echoes very cheerlessly. "They have all to come. Could I have thought any days hard while you were near me, Jeanie; while I could take your helpful little hand in mine, or—oh, my darling——" He breaks off, taking my head upon his breast and bending his above it. "All the hard, bitter days are yet to come; for after this I shall not have your smile to comfort me, your kiss to make me strong. My love, my love, how can fate be so cruel?"

I draw back a little shyly from his embrace. This is not like my brave, true hearted lover. And I too am changing. What right have I to tremble and complain, when I am so blessed in Philip's love, and when he has health and strength; and leaves me only for a little time?

"Jeanie," Philip says, seeming to read something new in my face, "forgive me. You are right. It will all be well at last. What ought I to fear, my dearest, while you are true to me? How brave the little pale face is. Turn your eyes away, my dear one—I cannot bear their trusting steadfastness. And yet it gives me courage too to meet them. It was terrible when I told you first; and they grew wide and sad with fear. Oh, Jeanie, if we could but have gone together! I tried so hard to win work here. I wonder could any man have tried more earnestly and industriously—yet it all failed. I seem so helpless in the great world. Yet there should be room for us all."

"Philip," I whisper, stroking his lined and troubled face, and not so much afraid of trusting myself to utter some one else's words, as those which come from my own faint heart, "do you remember once showing me these words? I remember them so well:

"'What I do now, thou canst not understand;
Trust me, 'tis best and right;
Hereafter to thy sight
All shall unveil itself as wisely planned.'"

There is a little silence, and then Philip once more folds me in his arms, but with a different strength now—the strength of courage, not despair—of steadfastness, not passion.

"I remember," he says quite firmly, though in rather a pausing way; "and I will remember, Jeanie. I will not come back to you such a coward as I leave you to-day. A man in a great measure shapes his own life, doesn't he? And mine shall be—my dear one, what can it not be if—as you yourself have said—we live in what loves us?"

Then, in a low, rather shaken voice, Philip tells me of the journey he will take to-night; of his preparations; of how I must bid good-bye to the others for him, because he dares not go in among them and again find himself in the dear old room where he has been so happy; of how he will write; and——"

"Ah, I cannot hear it all; for I am struggling weakly to believe that this is a dream, and that presently I shall awake—to see Philip near me still, with the glad, tender smile with which he always greets me, and to hear him laugh and tell me the happy thought of these last days was true, and that he is not going!

Then—then I know indeed I am not dreaming. Philip's last long kiss is not like a dream. My own hand-clasp has an agony sleep never knew. Our words break off in a pain too keen for utterance. I cannot bear another glance into Philip's face. I cover my eyes, and stand quite still, only my heart trembling. When I look up, he will not be there. He speaks to me once more, and then he sees that I dare not lift my eyes till he has gone. Once more tenderly and closely he holds me in his arms, kissing the hands that cover my poor face. Then I hear a step, quite unlike Philip's, cross the shop, and I know I am alone. Must I uncover my eyes, and see my world so empty?"

* * * * *

"Jeanie, come and make aunt Charlotte a special slice of toast."

I go at once in answer to Lottie's summons, and the next minute I am very glad, for I hear Mr. Carden's soft, slow step enter the shop and loiter there. I dare not go back and light the gas, for fear of his seeing my eyes. Father is still silent beside the fire, bending over it in a feeble, shrinking way which goes to my heart. Yet I dare not make the room cheerful with light, because it might shock him so to look at me—just yet. I try to talk, but my words are so unsteady and so low, that I stop them with a burning rush of crimson in my cheeks. Am I to be so weak and useless now that Philip has gone? Does not life hold the same duties for me that it held yesterday?

"Father." I whisper, in a new yearning to be near him, "we are all together now, and—father dear, why do you start? What did you hear?"

"Listen! Whose step is that?"

I see by the fear upon his face that this is the step for which he has been listening all this grievous day; and I can only silently kiss his wan, raised face. But, ah, from the first moment I knew whose step it was, and I press my hand upon my heart, trying to still its beating! Dare I meet Philip again, when I know what agony will follow in another farewell? Lottie has recognized the step now, and has gone without hesitation into the shop. "Philip," she says through the gloom, "will you light the gas for me?"

I hear her easy, natural question, and then Philip's low and hurried tones. Then there is a silence, the gaslight bursts on us all, and—Lottie calls me.

"Jeanie," Philip says, while I look piteously into his white, tired face, "I left my ticket here. Have you taken it away?"

He is searching hurriedly even as he speaks, opening every book or folded paper on the counter, stooping and seeking on the floor on both sides of it. And I hunt too in silence.

"What ticket is it?" Lottie asks, turning the gas still higher.

I hear Philip tell her, going on with his search the while; and then, quite suddenly, she bursts into childish passionate crying.

"My dear," he says, soothing and quieting her, like the brother he has always been to her, "I shall soon be home again—very soon. And—and you have Jeanie."

But now—born, I think, in the shock of my little sister's sudden grief, and of the consciousness that father is coming to us, and will suffer too—a strange, involuntary resolution seizes me.

"Philip," I whisper, not caring how he looks into my eyes now, for they are piteously pleading with him, "your ticket is lost, and you cannot go to-night. Oh, forget it, Philip, just for this one evening, and come and cheer us all! We are so unhappy, Philip. Father is so sad to-day, and he fears——Oh, my dear, stay just one day!"

"Love," he answers, in intense and quiet earnestness, "if my ticket had not been lost, your entreaty would have kept me. Let the ticket go. I can walk to Liverpool in time, but this evening I may never have again. Dear, I will take this happiness instead."

So we go back into the parlor, almost cheerfully—Lottie quite cheerfully—and we don't lower the gas again, because we say it will cheer father to see the shop look so bright and comfortable. Then Philip lights the parlor gas, and makes himself one of us in a moment, as he can always so easily and brightly do, talking especially to aunt Charlotte, as if he felt that the only cloud lay there, and he will scatter it if he can.

When tea is quite ready, and everything looking bright and cheerful, I come up behind father's chair, and whisper to him—

"May I ask Mr. Carden down to tea, father? He has been loitering about the house all day, and has asked for nothing. He even has had no fire."

"Will there be enough for—for you all?" father asks, with a new pitiful hesitation, as he looks round at the table.

"Plenty for us all, and for him," I answer cheerfully, for there is plenty, such as it is. However bare the table may be in the morning, or at mid-day, we never let it be so at night, when father is at home. So, when I tell him this, he seems very glad to let me go and invite our lodger. As I leave the room, I turn, and give a look around it. We have made it so warm and bright to-night. The little boys are both close to father, talking merrily. Philip is—well, just at this moment he is looking after me with a smile. Lottie is joining in the talk as she leans over the back of aunt Charlotte's big easy chair; and even aunt Charlotte is listening without a complaint. This room is the very heart of home to me, and holds all I love, so no wonder the picture—though so simple and so bare of elegance or abundance—is very beautiful to me.

Mr. Carden is writing busily when I enter his chilly room, but he puts down his pen while he listens to father's message.

"Your father sent you, did he?" he asks me, rather sceptically. "How many of you are downstairs."

"We are all there," I answer, "and Philip Aston."

Why will the color always come so vividly into my face when Mr. Carden mentions Philip to me, or I mention Philip to Mr. Carden? It is just as if I minded that searching look he gives me.

"Do, come, Mr. Carden," I urge, the coldness of his solitary room striking dismally upon me in contrast to the one I have left. "Do—we all wish it so much."

"Has—Mr. Aston decided to go abroad in his penniless condition?"

"There is nothing else for him to do," I answer unwillingly.

Taking up his pen again, he thanks me, but will not come to-night, he says. Then when by another plea I oblige him to look up once more and answer me, he does it even with a broader and more lengthy smile than usual—which makes me feel quite sure that he has seen the handbills, and not only is afraid of dropping his disguise, but even of leaving his room. So I hasten downstairs that I may bring him up a little tray of tea for himself. At the parlor door Philip meets me, and in his pitying glance I read something which, though it makes my heart beat so fast, and prepares me for another sorrow, instead of making me a coward, makes me almost strong to go on into the room that had been so bright and happy when I looked back upon it as the heart of home. All its peaceful homeliness seems gone. The loving faces that brightened it are shadowed now. Aunt Charlotte is crying noisily. Lottie has taken the boys to the far end of the room; and father, leaning for support on the chair from which he has risen, is listening with bent head while a strange man speaks to him rather fast and loud. I have never seen the man before, but of course I know in a moment for what he has come. Even if I had not learnt from father to be expecting him, I should have read it all just then in poor father's attitude. In a moment I am beside him, my hand slipped through his arm.

"Come, father, tea is waiting. I did my best, but Mr. Carden will not come."

I suppose it was a relief to them all to hear my homely voice, and to see me pass by this man as if he were not there, for somehow it seemed as if the oppression was lifted a little, and the atmosphere a shade less miserable.

Father comes to the table with me almost mechanically, while the strange man draws up a chair for himself at the fire.

"I'll trouble you to rise a moment," Philip says—and this is the first time I have ever heard him speak haughtily and authoritatively—and when the man rises, Philip places his chair for him quite away from the hearth.

"Now, aunt Charlotte," he says, giving her his arm; and for the first time for years she leaves her fireside chair and joins us at the table.

Father notices this in a moment, and smiles, and lays his hands on hers with a kind of unspoken congratulation. Lottie looks across at Philip, and nods her thanks to him for achieving this; but Philip only throws a meaning glance behind him, at the man, to indicate that it is his proximity which has influenced aunt Charlotte.

Philip scarce touches his tea and as soon as he can he rises. He must see if anything can be done, he says to me, in a troubled, feverish way.

Then he turns to the man, and in a strange, quite pleasant way tempts him out into the shop, and chats with him there, and at last leaves him sitting at the counter, like a customer, with the *Echo* in his hand.

Then we have a long, quiet talk, broken by heavy pauses; but we find there is nothing we can do now to stop our fall.

"It will be hard upon you, Charlotte," poor father says. And then aunt Charlotte, who has been crying all the time, stops her tears, and moans in her misery.

"Father, the hundred pounds would save us!"

It doesn't sound like my voice whispering these words, yet I feel them rush from my heart and from my lips, rapidly and feverishly; and I hold them in my thoughts closely, as we hold the love of life.

Father turns as if listening to a voice he did not recognize, and then, with a long indrawn breath, he shakes his head slowly.

"Jeanie, that was scarcely your own thought, my child. Would you bring worse upon him than we have to bear ourselves? He too will be turned adrift when we are."

As father speaks, a sudden thought flashes into my mind. What may not this turning adrift be to the stranger upstairs if he is not warned in time! Without allowing myself a moment's hesitation, I run softly up to my own room, and, unlocking my own private drawer, take the printed handbill from it. Then, with it hidden in my hand, I enter Mr. Carden's room, close the door behind me, and go up to him where he sits at the table, still writing. I am a little out of breath, and I know my cheeks are pale and my lips unsteady, so no wonder he looks up at me with real astonishment. But he waits in silence for what I have to say. I am quite used now to his not rising as Philip does while I stand.

"Mr. Carden," I say—and I am sure I look frightened enough even to frighten him, yet he sits and waits and listens unmoved—"there is a man downstairs—you understand? He will stay till—till all we have is taken away. If there is any—any—any reason why you, or—or your luggage should not be—recognized, won't it be safer for you to get away first—now? If it will be unsafe—please to understand me!—for you, or anything of yours, to be seen here, please go in the morning. I will arrange it if you—will be ready."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ace of Hearts.

BY FRANK H. WADE.

"Well, Tom, you must go, and, after all, it's only for a year."

"Only for a year? That one year will be equal to twenty ordinary ones. You know the poet says:

"'Alas! a year of pleasure
Passes like a fleeting breeze;
But a moment of misfortune
Seems an age bereft of ease.'"

The parties to this dialogue were a young lady and gentleman, apparently about three and twenty and seven and twenty respectively—Tom Carsworth and Mary Scarledge.

It would have been hard for this pair to say when they first became engaged. They had been little lovers long before the lady had thought of trailing dresses, or the gentleman had aspired to his first waistcoat; Mary's father being a strong opponent of early marriages, time had passed away until "the summer was past, the harvest was ended, and they were not married," and now Tom's cruel parent had ordered him to take a continental tour of a year's duration, at the end of which, if he and Mary continued in the same mind as at present, they might take each other for better or worse.

* * * * *

"Hang it all, Fernswood, be good natured, and lend me another couple of ponies."

"No, Tom, I will not; for if I did, it could do no good; you would only lose the money in that cursed Cursaal. Do you think because you have lost at play your liberal allowance from your father, and the hundreds I have loaned you, that if you had fifty pounds more you would be sure to win? And suppose you did win—suppose you broke the bank, you know you would lose Mary, whom you have told me you love, and is there any sum of money that would compensate you for her loss? And you must lose her if you continue to do as you are doing now."

"By heaven, Fernswood, I believe you know Mary."

"I do."

"And love her?" roared Tom, who was slightly in liquor, and consequently quarrelsome.

"Yes, Tom Carsworth, I do."

This was too much for Tom, and rushing at Fernswood he dealt him a blow that would have knocked him down had it not been for the wall; but he soon recovered himself, and assumed an attitude showing him to be no novice in the manly art of self-defense, he parried two facers neatly, and administered what, in ring parlance, is called a "rib roaster," to Master Tom that staggered him, and enabled Fernswood to close, and as he was much the stouter man of the two, to throw Tom heavily to the floor; he then rushed hastily from the apartment.

Tom lay stunned for some minutes, but at length managed to get up and stagger to his own room.

The next morning he received a short note which ran thus:

"After the disgraceful scene of last night (in which I sincerely regret my part) it is best we should not meet again; therefore I have left for England.

RICHARD FERNSWOOD."

These latter events took place in the German gambling town of Weisbaden, where Tom had for some time been sojourning.

He had played until all his money was gone, and then, having made the acquaintance of Fernswood, who, like himself, was a young Englishman traveling for pleasure, and who seemed to enjoy life at Weisbaden, though he never played, had borrowed several hundreds from him, which had gone the way of all Tom's own money; and so, being in Fernswood's debt, Tom could not even have the satisfaction of following him to England and calling him out. There was nothing for him to do but go to the Cursaal and play. Fortunately he had two or three Napoleons left. With fortune on his side, those three gold pieces might turn into a million. He went to the Cursaal and played—played all day, played until the tables closed at night—continued to do so for three or four months, but he never rose up from the table at night with much more than enough to begin play with the next day.

At length, one morning as he was looking over the news from England to pass away time until the croupier dealt out the cards and spun the ball, his eye caught the name of Mary Scarledge among the marriages. He read the paragraph, and found it to be the announcement of the marriage of Richard Fernswood to Mary Scarledge. That finished Tom. He resolved that he would go and play directly the *salon* opened; if he lost the few Napoleons remaining in his possession, he would blow his brains out; if he won a large sum he would go to England, pay Fernswood what he owed him, call him out, and shoot him dead.

The time for commencing play arrived, and he went to the Cursaal.

By one of those unaccountable changes of fortune, Tom, on the day he read that marriage notice, played and won. Won? Nothing like it had ever before been seen at Weisbaden. No matter what color he backed, he always won. All day long he played, and at all the different games, and no matter what he played at he was always successful. He invariably won, and before the time of closing the *salon* arrived, he had broken the bank. He went home to his hotel with heavy pockets, and a heavier heart. The excitement of play was over now, and he realized that if the bank was broken, so was his heart; that if he was far from being a bankrupt in money, he was a bankrupt in the love of Mary. She was married to that fellow, Fernswood, and a curse rose to his lips at the name; but stop! he could have revenge on Fernswood now: his winnings would more than pay all his debts; he would go to England, pay Fernswood, and then in accordance with his previous resolution, call him out and shoot him dead.

He sat down to write to Fernswood:

"Sir:—You have injured me in that in which no man will brook an injury, and nothing but blood——"

He had written thus far, when the thought occurred to him, couldn't he be more satisfactorily revenged on both Mary and Fernswood by committing suicide? Yes. He would prepare directions for paying his debts, write a heart-rending letter to Mary, and then destroy himself.

He began the letter to Mary:

"Ere this reaches you, the coldness of death will rest upon the brow of him who writes it."

Then he thought, perhaps, he had better see if his pistols were in order before he proceeded further. He rose to get them, but while fumbling for the case, chanced to look out of the window, it seemed to him that the trees at the side of the hotel were blazing with fire, while hundreds of demons, great and small, were dancing in the flames. Then the room seemed to be filled with imps. They came pouring in at door and window, and began to attack him. He shrieked, and rushed wildly around, trying to avoid them. At last, however, they surrounded him completely; escape seemed impossible, and with an unearthly, delirious yell, he fell heavily upon the floor in a swoon. Brain fever had come just in time to save his life.

* * * * *

When Tom recovered his consciousness, he was lying in bed in his own room at Weisbaden. He felt very weak and queer, and wondered what he could have been doing all the time since he broke the bank, that being the last event he remembered, for all the time that had passed since that night was a blank to him.

He lay for some time looking about the room at the old, familiar objects, and at length became conscious of the presence of a lady, who, when she perceived that she had attracted his attention, arose and approached the bedside.

Tom regarded her attentively, and, as she came nearer, recognized—Mary!

"Tom!"

"Mary!"

These exclamations passed between them with the rapidity of shots from a revolver. Weak as he was, Tom managed to raise himself and stretch out his arms toward her, and then, recollecting the barrier between them, drew back, and said:

"But I forgot—you are the wife of Richard Fernswood."

Mary turned her face from him in a strange, bashful way, and said:

"How did you learn that, Tom?"

"Oh, you need not try to break it to me; I read it in the paper," Tom faintly articulated.

"Oh, Tom, you dear old goose. Why, that Mary Scarledge is my cousin—my uncle's daughter. She is a namesake of mine. Cousin Fernswood has told me all about that awful fight you and he had, and I have often laughed to think how you were both playing at cross purposes."

"What? Then you are not married to Fernswood?"

"Why, Tom, has your delirium made you forget that I am married to you? Don't you remember that, when papa and I having heard that you were sick, had come to you; just when everyone thought you were going to die, you were conscious for a short time, and wanted me to marry you on what you thought was your death-bed? Have you forgotten that I did so, and that I am your devoted, loving wife?"

In a moment the recollection of all this flashed upon Tom's mind. He put his arms about Mary as she bent over him, and said:

"Then you are indeed my own wife?"

"Indeed I am, Tom, and I will never leave you again, for the more you gamble and go wrong, the more you need me to take care of you, don't you?"

Tom didn't say much, but his lips contrived to be very eloquent, notwithstanding. He soon got well, and from that time foreswore all cards except one, and he said that that one should be his coat of arms, for its name represented the union of his affection and that of his wife, and that card was the "Ace of Hearts."

FACETIÆ.

—"Taking a view"—Stealing a landscape painting.

—"Time is money," but February is generally "short."

—What will give a cold, cure a cold, and at the same time pay a doctor? A draft.

—Pigs, because familiar with the pen, are not, therefore, members of the *litter*-ary profession.

—In the case of the long walking trains of the ladies, it is erroneous to suppose they ever make a "clean sweep" of it.

—As a hint to highwaymen it may be mentioned that lecturers are the class most accustomed to "stand and deliver."

—It is a mistake to suppose the expression "butt of a joke" is derived from the goats. They never butt in a joke, according to the careful opinion of parties in the best position to know and understand all about it.

—Speaking of St. Lawrence and the gridiron, it is doubtful if their misery is half that of the minister and deacon who notice and watch each other on opposite sides of the street while a first-class dog-fight is going on round the corner.

—It is now the time for original poets to produce their odes on "Spring," and as far as the editorial fraternity is concerned the law against carrying concealed deadly weapons has become a dead-letter.

—It is only when a paragrapher sees how nicely those conspirators—the compositor and proof-reader—have taken the point out of his joke, that he begins trying to imagine how a man feels who has murdered a person or two.

—Every-day experience is gradually changing the aspect of past history. The man who has undergone the process of being the first individual shaved by a barber's apprentice, can't see how the martyrs of former days had to necessarily die after being flayed alive.

—Effect naturally follows cause. Owing to the scarcity of snow this winter and the consequent inability of the boys to practice by flinging "soakers" at high hats, it is believed that the average throwing to bases in the coming season of base ball will be very seriously affected.

—The female hand is almost always fair, and in this character it has been idealized by poets and immortalized by painters and sculptors. In the case, however, of a mother who has put her offspring across her knee, preparatory to a practical treatise on penology, it generally inclines to one side.

—Metaphysicians have frequently striven to explain what "impulse" is, with varying success. The genuine thing, however, may be seen when a man throws up the sash at midnight and slams the bootjack at the cat-occupied fence without stopping to think if he does not run as great a risk of annihilating his wife's Tabby as the neighbor's.

—Of late it has been noticeable that a good many people show a bolder front and a more general determination to look the world courageously in the eye, though it is difficult to say whether this results from the passage of the Silver Bill, or their acceptance of the belief that there is no hereafter for sinners.

—"We hope our friends will not only come in and subscribe themselves, but also bring clubs with them," was what the editor of an Ohio paper wrote, and after the candidate for sheriff that he had abused got through with him, he took the notice out, owing to the fact that it seemed liable to misinterpretation.

—There is a perceptible increase in the church membership in various parts of the country. The coming of warm weather making it no longer incumbent to lock out the Frost King from their households by means of their neighbor's wood-piles, many heads of families can now with a clearer conscience direct their feet to the paths of rectitude.

—Our senses sometimes dull, but as frequently become sharper with age. The boy whose mother was often compelled to yell herself hoarse to elicit even a responsive grunt from him of a sleepy spring morning, will hear, as a man, the slightest whisper, if couched in terms indicative of the speaker's desire to have him take a drink.

—Many people do not remember the little busy bee so much as exemplifying the necessity of labor if we would enjoy the sweets of life, as for the terrible amount of oblivion of Sunday school lessons it can superinduce, and the awful concentration of earnestness it puts into the mouth, when it speaks to one in its usual pointed manner.

—Philosophers who investigate further than the mere appearance of things, now offer another explanation of the well-known custom of young women fondling or gently smoothing down the raven locks of their lovers. They say that it is an inherited propensity derived from their mothers, of involuntarily taking this method of ascertaining the best places to grab for, in those domestic disputes likely to occur after marriage.

PROMPTLY BREAK UP YOUR COLD by the timely use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throats, and a certain curative for Coughs.

SPRING.

BY ROBERT LORD LYTTON.

The green grass blades aquiver
With joy at the dawn of day,
(For the most inquisitive ever
Of the flowers of the field are they)
Lisp'd it low to their lazy
Neighbors that flat on the ground,
Dandelion and daisy
Lay still in a slumber sound.
But soon, as a ripple of shadow
Runs over the whisperous wheat,
The run.or run over the meadow
With its numberless fluttering feet;
It was told by the water-cresses
To the brooklet, that in and out
Of his garrulous green recesses,
For gossip was gadding about:
And the brooklet, full of the matter,
Spread it abroad with pride;
But he stopped to gossip and chatter,
And turned so often aside,
That his news got there before him
Ere his journey down was done;
Young leaves in the vale laughed o'er him:
"We know it! The snow is gone!"

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Autumn came with its golden wheat, its ripe fruit, its gorgeous beauty of coloring. The spirit of improvement was at work at Ravensmere; already the obnoxious cottages had disappeared, and in their places clean, healthy, well-drained dwelling-houses were springing up. Lady Caraven worked hard, allowing herself little rest, and the Earl was filled with wonder at her systematic method.

"You ought to have been a man and a lawyer, Hildred," he said to her one day.

"I would rather be a woman and a Countess," she replied, with a low happy laugh.

The first thing that she had done was to make a list of every laborer and dependant on the estate, his name, condition, income, the number of his children, how they lived, and where they were educated, so that there was not one a stranger to her. The Earl looked admiringly at it.

"Do you really mean to say, Hildred, that all these people are dependent on me—that, more or less, I have an interest in all of them?"

"I do mean it," replied his wife earnestly; "and there seems to be something noble to me in the idea that one man has it in his power to benefit so many others."

"That is from your side of the question," said the Earl; but he thought more seriously than he spoke.

Already a perceptible change had come over Ravensmere. Fast-looking men who had rejoiced in the title of his lordship's friends had all left—men of note were beginning to seek his society. He had written several articles on social science and home politics that had been highly thought of—he who believed himself too indolent even to write a letter—but those articles and essays were rather the result of his wife's observation than his own. Women were, of couse, very much inferior; but it was a good thing to have a clever wife. She would talk to him, suggest ideas, give her opinion; and then, when they had discussed the matter well, she would say to him—

"Those are excellent ideas of yours—why not put them into form?"

It was she who revised and corrected his papers—she to whom in fact they really owed their existence, although the world praised him. His reputation was growing rapidly. Only a few months, and such a difference!

"Thank Heaven that I have been patient!" the young Countess often said to herself.

They worked together. She made their duties so pleasant to him that he would not for the world renounce them. Husband and wife became, as the Earl said, good companions, good friends. They had many interests now in common—the improvement of the estate, the building of model cottages, the education of the young, the relief of the aged and distressed. With a thoughtful look in his blue eyes the Earl would sometimes say to his wife—

"I cannot imagine why I thought all this so tiresome before, or what gives me so much pleasure to do it now."

No one was more gratified than Sir Raoul. He exulted in the fact that his prediction was fulfilled.

"I always thought a good woman's influence boundless," he said; "now I am sure of it."

But he was not misled; he saw exactly how things were—that the Earl had started with the conviction that his wife was an unformed schoolgirl, and that though believing her now to be a very clever woman, he still retained much of his early impression. Lord Caraven had accepted the fact that he did not love her with a lover's love, and that their marriage was a fatal mistake into which his own folly had led him—and he had not changed his opinion; he absolutely never thought of love with reference to her. They were good friends, with one common interest—that was all.

But with Hildred it was not quite the same thing. She had once loved him; and now, as his better nature appeared, she began to care for him again. Not that she ever betrayed such a feeling to him. She was kind, affectionate, patient; she devoted herself to his service; but no word indicating a warmer feeling than friendship ever escaped her lips. She did not even own to herself or know that she was beginning to love him.

It was almost impossible to help it. There was something very lovable about the careless, debonair man; his very faults had a kind of charm, because he owned them so frankly; his handsome face would have been a passport to any woman's heart; moreover, he was so earnest in his endeavor to do better, so truly sorry for the ill-spent, miserable past, so anxious not to relapse into bad habits. She could not help loving him.

"I can imagine," she thought to herself, "how a mother feels who has taught her little child to walk."

She had a half-protecting fondness for him; she would fain have stood between him and every temptation of his life—have been his good angel; he was in some vague way to her a child whom she had taught and trained. Whether this affection would develop into the jealous love of a woman remained to be seen. She found herself always thinking of him, always trying to find out what would please him, always studying him; there was hardly a moment in the day in which her thoughts did not dwell on him. When he called her by name, her heart thrilled with pleasure; when he praised her even ever so faintly, it seemed to her that earth held no higher joy; if he asked her to do anything, she knew no rest or peace until it was done. There was no man in England whose comforts were better attended to; yet husband and wife were simply good friends—nothing more.

One day after luncheon, when some visitors were staying with them, the conversation turned on a certain Lady Hamilton, who had just returned, a widow, from India.

"Lady Hamilton was one of your early loves, Ulric, was she not?" said Sir Raoul, laughingly.

"I suppose so," replied the Earl carelessly. "I have a great many early loves, if one may believe all the stories told. Do you know now what my own opinion is?"

"No," answered Sir Raoul, "I do not."

"I do not believe that I have ever loved at all—that is, using the word 'love' in its best and highest sense."

"Then it is for want of appreciation," said Sir Raoul, curtly.

Neither of them knew knew that Hildred had overheard the few chance words, but they had pierced her heart as with a two-edged sword.

He had never loved any one. She was his wife; he had never loved her, and she had been fancying that his manner had changed—that he was in some fashion growing fond of her. How woefully mistaken she was! Her face burned as she thought of those early loves of his. Who were they? How much had he cared for them? Had he whispered sweet words once kissed her, kissed the fair faces of those early into willing ears? Had he who had never loved? Her heart beat fast as she thought of it. Then she called herself to account. Was she—an unloved, neglected wife—jealous of the fleeting loves of an hour? She was startled when she found that the pretty ivory paper-knife she had been holding in her hands was broken.

"What has come over me?" she asked herself.

He had never loved any one. Would he then live his life without love? And, if ever he did love any one, would it be her?

"It is a terrible thing that we have done," she said to herself—"married without love. Ah me, if ever a girl as young and ignorant as I was comes to me and asked me the same question that I asked my father, I shall say to her, 'marry without money, without position, without wordly prospect, if you will; but rather die than marry without love!'"

A kind of jealousy that she could not understand took possession of her. If, on looking at pictures or photographs, Lord Caraven praised one, or thought it pretty, she would examine it in detail to find out if possible what he admired in it. If, in speaking of any lady friends or visitor, the Earl expressed his admiration of her, a vague unrest would come over his wife; she would try to understand what attracted him. He had a frank, careless, easy way of expressing himself. Often, when she heard him, her face would suddenly grow pale even to her lips. If he loved at all, he must love her.

Lord Caraven discerned nothing of this, but Sir Raoul was more deeply versed in human nature, and he saw that the young Countess was beginning to love her husband with a passionate love. He did not know whether to be pleased or sorry—whether her love would ever be returned. Yet he could not feel surprised.

"He owes everything to her," thought Sir Raoul; "yet the last thought that would enter his mind would be to love her.

Sir Raoul also saw another thing, and that was, that despite her noble character, her great virtues, her heroism, her patience, her devotion to one idea, she had one fault, and that was jealousy. Sir Raoul had noticed it in little things, and once he laughingly told her of it.

"You are jealous, Hildred," he said; "there is one weed amongst many beautiful flowers—you are jealous."

She stood quite still for a few minutes after he had spoken, and then she looked up at him thoughtfully.

"You are right," she said frankly, "I believe I am jealous."

Sir Raoul was amused at her candor.

"It is true," he went on; "I have noticed it often. You will not allow any one to feed your pet canary; and, if those tame white doves of yours flutter round any one else you do not like it."

There was no smile in the dark eyes raised to his—only an expression of perplexity and bewilderment.

"You are right," she said; "but I had not thought of it before—I have not tried. I have had no especial temptation. No one has ever made me jealous, because, I suppose, no one has ever loved me very much; but I have the capability in me."

"To be sure you have—all dark-eyed women, with Southern faces like yours have a touch of jealousy," remarked Sir Raoul. "How grave you look concerning it, Hildred."

"I am thinking gravely," she replied. "I am saying to myself that I hope and trust and pray that I shall never have anything to be really jealous about. I feel—well, I do not know how to express myself clearly, but I believe that I could be madly jealous, and then, if I were, I could do great wrong."

"I do not fear for you," said Sir Raoul. "You will never go very far wrong, Hildred."

There was a half-scared expression on her beautiful face.

"I do hope," she rejoined, "that I shall never be tried. Jealousy has done some strange things. It is as bitter as death, and as cruel as the grave. I may comfort myself though," she added, with a bitter laugh, "there cannot be jealousy without love, and I have none to give and none to receive."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It was almost autumn, and people were saying to each other smilingly that summer seemed unwilling to go. The wheat was standing now in great golden sheaves, the fruit hung ripe upon the trees.

One morning a letter came to Ravensmere. It was from Lady Hamilton, to say that she was returning from Cowes, where she had been staying some time, and would be very glad to pay her promised visit.

Lord Caraven's first sensation on reading the coquettish little note was not one of unmitigated pleasure. They had been spending a very happy week alone, the Earl, the Countess, and Sir Raoul—a week that he had thoroughly enjoyed, because the greater part of it had been spent in the open air with his wife and Sir Raoul. They had been watching the builders' progress, watching the improvements; and the Earl was more pleased than he would have cared to say at seeing once more a smile on the faces around him. He did not feel quite sure at first that he cared for the coming interruption. He gave the letter to Lady Caraven.

"If she comes," he said, "it is pretty certain that we must invite a party to meet her."

The young Countess looked up.

"We are a party," she told him; "we are three."

Lord Caraven laughed.

"That is a very small number, Hildred. What would Lady Hamilton say if she came here and found that we had not invited any one to meet her? Raoul and I would be exhausted by the amount of homage we should have to pay her. Lady Hamilton is the very queen of coquettes."

"I do not like coquettes," said Lady Caraven curtly.

"It would be wonderful if you did," laughed her husband. "Dark-eyed and dark-haired women like you, Hildred, are generally severe; golden hair and blue eyes take naturally to flirtation. But that is no settlement of our difficulty. There is but one course open to us—to write and say that we shall be delighted. You will write, of course?"

"If you wish it," said Hildred quietly.

"Then we will draw up a list of people to invite while she is here. We must have some eligible men."

"What does she want eligible men for?" asked Hildred; and the two gentlemen laughed at the question.

"Is she a widow?" continued the young Countess.

"One of the youngest, prettiest, and wealthiest widows in England!" said the Earl.

Lady Caraven felt a vague dawning of jealous dislike.

"I am almost sorry that she is coming now," put in Sir Raoul; "we are so very happy—all our quietness will be broken up and destroyed.

In his heart Lord Caraven almost re-echoed the wish.

"You forget the honor, Raoul," he said gaily. "Lady Hamilton does not visit everywhere; nor does she accept all invitations. I know a German Grand Duchess and a Russian Princess whom she refused."

"What is her rule in accepting invitations, then?" asked Hildred.

"I think, as pleasure guides her in everything, she goes only where she thinks she shall enjoy herself," answered the Earl.

"And what does she think that she shall enjoy here?" asked the young wife anxiously.

A gleam of mischievous humor crept into the Earl's eyes.

"Perhaps a rumor of Raoul's gallantry has reached her," he said; but Sir Raoul indignantly rejected the supposition.

Perhaps the Countess of Caraven had never undertaken a task more unpleasant to her than the writing of this letter, but it had to be done with all the graceful courtesy imaginable. Then the Earl made out a list of people whom he thought the brilliant young widow would like to meet.

"There," he said, "we have an eligible marquis, a court favorite, a millionaire, a philosopher, and a soldier. Surely between them her ladyship will receive homage enough."

His wife noted with infinite satisfaction that he had not mentioned himself. Evidently he had no idea of paying homage to her; but the words, "one of the youngest, and prettiest widows in England," had made a disagreeable impression on her. She could not tell why, but she had an unpleasant foreboding that evil would come from the widow's visit—evil both bitter and sore.

"There is another thing, Hildred," said Lord Caraven, "Lady Hamilton must have amusement. You will have to lay aside your work for a while and attend to it. We must have a ball—a grand ball, not a mere dancing party—we must have dinner-parties and pic-nics, a regular round of entertainments."

"And my work must stand still?" she interrogated regretfully.

"I am sorry for it, because I know your heart is in it; but rank and position have duties that we cannot ignore. When a lady like Lady Hamilton volunteers a visit, it is necessary to receive her with all courtesy. You will be able to do something, but not much."

She sighed deeply, and her beautiful face became sad.

"I am sorry dear," he said kindly; "but it cannot be helped."

He wondered why her face brightened so suddenly, why she looked up with a sudden glad light in her eyes. He had called her "dear" for the first time in his life, and he had done it quite unconsciously. The word that meant so much to her was less than nothing to him.

He wondered why she spoke in a tone through which sweetest music seemed to vibrate.

"I shall not mind it at all now," she said, with a warm flush on her face; and, having no key to her meaning, the Earl said to himself that women were indeed wonderful creatures.

He would have thought so had he known how happy that one word had made his young wife, how she garnered it into her heart and pondered it, how she brooded over it in silent happiness that could not be put into words; and he did not even know that he had used it. He would have said the same to a friend or a child; he would not have used it to his wife if he had thought of it or noticed what he was saying, for the simple reason that he considered any tender words between people who never could love each other nonsense.

With a light heart she sent out her invitations. Sir Raoul wondered when he heard her singing sweet snatches of song—wondered with a sense of gratification. She must be happier than she had been, or she would not be so light of heart.

The invitations were all accepted, and due preparations were made for receiving the beautiful Lady Hamilton. The handsomest suite of rooms in the Castle was set aside for her; there was an air of expectation, of subdued excitement, that did not quite please the young mistress of Ravensmere. When the Earl had, as he expressed it, time to think the matter over, he was pleased—his wife perceived it in many ways. He lingered with Sir Raoul, telling anecdotes of Lady Hamilton and of her powers of fascination; and then Hildred learned that they had been lovers when young. Why they never married, why their love came to nothing, she did not know. If any one had tried to explain the mystery of flirtation to her, she would not have understood it. That people could play at love for the mere pleasure of playing at it, that it was possible to simulate emotion for the mere sake of enjoying it, she did not understand. Life was full of reality to the earnest, high-souled woman who had accepted her fate with heroism worthy of herself.

"I must not be jealous of the beautiful Lady Hamilton," she thought—"but it is almost enough to make me."

The lovely widow was to arrive in time for dinner. That was one of Lady Hamilton's practices. She liked to be seen first in the full glory of her dinner-dress, in the full blaze of her beauty. She lived solely and entirely for her beauty, and for the homage it brought her. If she had been suddenly deprived of it, if any accident had robbed her of it, she would have been without a single occupation in life; she lived for it, she studied it. What would suit her, what became her, what attitude showed her figure to the greatest advantage, what pose was most favorable to the display of her graceful neck, what jewels looked best on the golden hair, what flowers harmonised best with the face that was like a flower—this was her only occupation. She worshipped herself, the perfection of her own face. It was no idly assumed position; it was the profound study of her life. Never did naturalist spend more time over a flower than she did in the selection of a dress or a bonnet; she brought all the powers of her mind to bear upon it. She liked to hear praises of her beauty. She was not the least flattered when any one called her clever or intelligent—no praise of her wit or power of repartee ever delighted her. She liked to read that the "beautiful Lady Hamilton" had been at such a ball—she liked to be told that she was the prettiest woman in London. Moreover, she was an insatiable coquette. As for really loving any one, she had never done such a thing. Perhaps the nearest approach to love which she had ever felt was the kindly feeling she had had for the handsome Earl. She did not marry him because he had not money enough.

She was a dear lover of luxury, this lovely Lady Hamilton. In all her gay life of twenty-three summers she had known nothing else. She wanted jewels to deck her loveliness, she wanted magnificent rooms, plenty of servants. She loved light and perfume and flowers—she had all the tastes of a refined woman of the world. She liked good pictures, rich picturesque dresses, and she chose from her lovers the one who could give the most of these things. That was Sir Gerald Hamilton. Certainly the handsome Earl was better looking, but then she had been told that he was embarrassed in circumstances. She married Sir Gerald, who was about thirty years older than herself. A magnificent appointment had been offered to him in India; he had accepted it, and Lady Hamilton, because she knew that she should reign supreme there, went with him. The climate did not suit Sir Gerald; he died, leaving her the whole of his fortune, and Lady Hamilton returned to England, more beautiful, more charming, more coquettish than ever. It was said of her that no man could resist her, and that she never scrupled as to winning a heart or breaking it, if only *pour passer le temps*.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was the evening of the day on which Lady Hamilton was expected. Several of the guests invited to meet her had already arrived, and the young Countess of Caraven anxiously expected her visitor. She had a strange kind of foreboding about her.

"I wonder," she said to Sir Raoul, "if some people do bring misfortune with them. I have an idea that Lady Hamilton will bring evil to me."

Sir Raoul laughed, and told her in his simple chivalrous fashion that a beautiful woman could bring only sunshine and happiness; but the young Countess sighed.

"Helen of Troy did not bring much sunshine," she said, "and she was beautiful enough."

"But," objected Sir Raoul, "there is a difference; Lady Hamilton has not her fatal loveliness. Times have altered; no woman's face, I think, will ever cause another thirty years' war."

The young Countess resolved upon being armed at all points. Her maid felt that at length the mistress was doing justice to herself. She was that evening very difficult to please—no dress was pretty enough; she chose one at length of purple velvet, long, graceful, and made after a picturesque fashion that Hildred particularly affected—cut square so as to show the beautiful neck and shoulders, with wide hanging sleeves, fastened with a diamond knot on the shoulder—a dress that was the triumph of good taste; no ribbons, no flowers, no ornaments nor trimmings marred its grand simplicity. She wore nothing but diamonds with it—a small tiara that crowned the queenly head, a necklace round the white throat, a small cross on the white breast, and a bracelet on one of her beautifully-moulded arms. Nothing could have been more magnificent, in better or simpler taste.

Sir Raoul looked delighted when he saw her. "Lady Hamilton may be very fair," he thought, "but she will not look like Hildred."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

W.

[CONTINUED.]

WHITE WASHED OVER.

This very expression, used by political writers and orators, to denote an affected change in a man's principles and conduct, is evidently taken from the Scriptures:

"Thou whiten'd wall."
Acts xxiii, v. 3.

"Make clean the outside."
Matthew xxiii, v. 25.

"Unto whiten'd sepulchres."
Ibid. v. 27.

The literal translation from the Greek of the passage in Acts, is

"Which have been white-washed."

These Jews used to whiten the sepulchres with lime, or other materials of that kind. In those days, well as in modern times, those who could afford it, adorned and beautified the tombs of their deceased friends, by "white-washing them," or placing flowers and wreaths around and about them.

It is also used in the Scriptures "whiten'd wall," as meaning a hypocrite, who might be compared to a wall formed of the meanest materials, but *whited over*, and made to have a fair outside.

"Even so ye also outwardly appear right teous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."—*Matthew xxiii, v. 28.*

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON.

The editor of the *Sunday Dispatch*, Philadelphia, gives the following origin of this peculiar expression:

"The man that struck Billy Patterson was E. L. Snow, formerly connected with the New York police, under Mayor Harper's administration. He may be recollected by many in Philadelphia as a Native American speaker, at the time of Mayor Harper's visit to this city in 1844. Snow is a finely moulded, herculean specimen of a good looking man. From his appearance he would make a tough customer in a fight. The Billy Patterson story is said to be true in all the incidents, the names only being altered. At the time of the occurrence, Snow was a member of the Boston Fire Department, and in the course of a squabble between some companies in the street, he struck one of the opposing combatants a blow which nearly knocked him senseless. The occurrence came to the knowledge of a brother Irishman, who, ignorant of the physical proportions of the punisher, ran through the crowd, boisterously exclaiming, "Show me the man that struck Billy Patterson! Who struck Billy Patterson? Five dollars for the man that struck Billy Patterson!" These exclamations came to the ears of some of Snow's friends, who conducted the bolsterous bruggart to the presence of the Patterson pummeller. The moment that the friend of the beaten Billy cast his eyes upon the stalwart frame of Snow, his courage began to ooze out of his fingers' ends. But he was so placed that he must do something, and therefore, with ready wit, approached the cool Snow, inquiring: "Are you the man that struck Billy Patterson?" "Yes!" said Snow. "Well, then, give us your hand; for, by my sowl, you hit him a dreadful lick!"

WIDE AWAKE.

It is very probable the origin of this, a modern phrase, can be tracked to the Latin of Publius Lyrus:

"*Cavri periculo, qui etiam tutus cavet*," the literal translation of which is,—"He who even when safe is on his guard, is most free from danger, i. e., wide awake."

WIDOW'S WEEDS.

In Matthew vi. 30. The grass of the field, *fœnum agri*, is in A. S., *Acerse Weod*. *Weed* also denoted *vestis, vestimendum*, and is the meaning of the word, whether applied to the grass, the herbage (the verdant clothing) of the field, or to clothing of the human body. "Clothed in widow's weeds" is simply applied to her memory for the object of her love, and is equally applicable to others.

The Bible speaks of the "white weed" as an article of dress,—Luke, chapter 19.

"And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic, &c."
—*Milton.*

The reason given for the frequent use of the phrase in its application to widows is that their mourning habiliments are of a darker hue, and their general appearance more sombre than that of mourners generally, hence the saying—"Widow's weeds."

WILD GOOSE CHASE, ORIGIN OF.

Wild goose chase was a term used to express a sort of racing on horseback formerly practiced, resembling the flying of wild geese; these birds generally go in a train one after another, not in confused flocks as other birds do. In this sort of race, the two horses, after running twelve score yards, had liberty, which horse soever could get the lead, to take what ground the jockey pleased, the hindermost horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles, or else to be whipped in by the triers and judges who rode by; and whichever horse could distance the other won the race. This sort of racing was not long in common use; for it was found inhuman, and destructive of good horses, when two such were matched together For in this case neither was unable to distance the other till they were both ready to sink under their riders; and often two very good horses were both spoiled, and the wagers forced to be drawn at last. The mischief of this sort of racing soon brought in the method now in use, of only running over a certain quantity of ground, and determining the plate or wager by coming in first at the winning-post. The phrase "Wild goose chase" is now employed to denote a fruitless attempt, or an enterprise undertaken with little probability of success.

WILD OATS.

Applied to a very extravagant fellow, is of old date. Lord Bacon speaks of light brains and wild oats. The term was frequently used by old writers to express extravagance. "Oat meal" was a current name for profligate bucks, and is usedby Dekker in a ballad called "The Roaring Boys."

WINDFALL.

The origin of this term is said to be the following: "Some of the English nobility were forbidden felling any of the trees in their forests—the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado was, therefore, a perfect godsend, in every sense of the word, to those who had occupancy of these extensive forests, and a windfall was sometimes of very great value. Some years since, it is said, a tornado threw down timber enough on the Duke of Marlborough's estate to sell for forty thousand dollars.

WINDOW.

Is still denominated "windor" in Lancashire, &c.; signifying wind-door, or a passage for the wind or air, as the other passage for the inhabitants was peculiarly called "the door."

WINE, DISCOVERY OF.

Sir J. Malcolm in his "History of Persia," states, that wine was first discovered by Jemsheed, one of the earliest monarchs of the empire, by the following accident: He was immoderately fond of grapes and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened the grapes had fermented; their juice was so acid that the king believed it must be poisonous; he had some bottles filled with it, and poison written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favorite ladies was affected with nervous headache; the pain distracted her so much that she desired death; observing a bottle with poison written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often that the king's poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made, and Jemsheed and all his court drank of this new beverage, which, from the manner of its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of Leber-e-khoosh, or the delightful poison.

WOMEN AND MEN SITTING APART IN CHURCHES.

There is a tradition that in the ark, so soon as ever the day began to break, Noah stood up towards the body of Adam, and before the Lord he and his sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth, and Noah prayed, and his sons, and the women answered from another part of the ark, "Amen, Lord!"

This, if the tradition be sound enough, may account for the separation of sexes, or the setting apart the women from the men in the house of God. In our opinion, Noah set an example in the ark which should have been followed by Christians of every denomination since. Its antiquity is a proof of its sacredness.

WREATHS AND TURBANS.

Julius Cæsar, having a bald head, introduced the custom of wearing wreaths or turbans of laurel. This circumstance, and the covering of their heads by the aged, who at that time were regarded with peculiar honor, caused the wearing of caps to be looked upon as a mark of distinction; and was, therefore, after a short time universally adopted by men of rank.

A cap also became the badge of freedom, and as soon as a slave was liberated he had one presented to him and was given permission to wear it in public. The ceremony of giving freedom was thus performed: The slave was brought before the consul, and in after ages before the prætor, by his master, who, laying his hand upon the slave's head, said to the prætor, "I wish this man to be free," at the same time taking him by the hand and instantly letting it fall again. Whence came the Latin word *manumisso*, and the phrase *e manu emittere*, to let go from the hand. The master then gave him a blow on the cheek and presented him to the consul, who striking him gently with his *vindicta* (wand) pronounced these words: "I pronounce thee free, according to the custom of the Romans."

This ceremony being ended, the slave was registered upon the roll of freemen. He was then shaven and taken to the temple of the goddess Feronia, where he was made to sit on "the stone of liberty," which bore this inscription: "Slaves of honorable desert may sit here; when they rise up they are free." Finally, he was presented by his master with a cap, which was a symbol of his freedom, and was suffered to depart.

The "cap of liberty" is thus described by historians: "It was simple in its form, being broad at the rim, to show that freedom stands on a firm basis, and running to a point like a pyramid, to signify that it should last forever; it was of a fine white color, to express the wearer's abhorrence of spots and stains caused by faction and tyranny; it was without ornament, to import his contempt of the baubles of pompous despotism; and it was made of wool to signify that freedom was the birthright of the shepherd as well as the senator."

WRESTLING.

Sigua est habilior paulo, pugilum esse aiunt,
The exercise of wrestling, wherein the combatants endeavored to throw each other down, was another practice of the ancients. They never encountered until all their members and joints had been soundly rubbed, fomented, and supplied with oil, whereby all strains were prevented. The victory was adjudged to him who gave his antagonist three falls.

Another method of wrestling among the Greeks was as follows: The combatants used voluntarily to throw themselves down, and continue to fight upon the ground, pinching, biting and scratching, and in all manner of ways annoying their adversary; whereby it often came to pass that the weaker combatant, and who would never have been able to throw his antagonist, obtained the victory, and forced him to yield; for in this exercise, as in boxing also, the victory was never adjudged till one party had fairly yielded; this was sometimes done by words, and often by lifting up a finger.

WOMAN.

And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and he slept, and he took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh thereof.

And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

And Adam said, This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man.

And this is the creation of Woman.

"A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of the earth, and the sole wonder of the world.—*Hermes.*

Solomon, however, in less elegant terms, speaks of a woman destitute of the divine attribute of her sex, virtue, in these terms:

"As a jewel of gold in a hog's snout, so is a fair woman without virtue."

WOOLSACK.

The Chancellor's seat. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an act was passed to prevent the exportation of wool, and the Judges' seats were *wool-sacks*, to remind them of their duty in watching this commodity.

"In the middest thereof upon wool-sacks sitteth the judges of the realme, the maister of the rolls, and the secretaries of estate. But these that sit on the wool-sacks have no voice in the house, but only sit there to answer their knowledge in the law, when they be asked, if any doubt arise among the lords."

—*Smith's Commonwealth, B. ii, C. 3.*

WOOLLY HEADS.

A term applied in the first place to negroes, and subsequently, when the anti-slavery politicians began to make capital out of the slavery question, was applied to them.

Y.

YANKEE—ORIGIN OF THE TERM.

There is no doubt but the origin of the term Yankee can be traced to the Indians, who, in their first endeavors to pronounce the word English, uttered the sound "Yongees," whence the term Yankees.

There is, however, another derivation, but it is so obscure that we annex it more as a matter of curiosity than as affording the least evidence of its historical accuracy. Dr. William Gordon, in his history of the American War, gives the following as the origin of the term Yankee: "It was a cant favorite word with farmer Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, about 1713. Two aged ministers, who were at the college in that town, have told me they remembered it to have been then in use among the students, but had no recollection of it before that period. The inventor used it to express excellency. A Yankee good horse, or Yankee cider, and the like, were an excellent good horse and excellent cider. The students used to hire horses of him; their intercourse with him, and his use of the term upon all occasions, led them to adopt it, and they gave him the name of Yankee Jon. He was a worthy, honest man, but no scholar. This could not escape the notice of the collegiates. Yankee probably became a byword among them to express a weak, simple, awkward person; was carried from the college with them when they left it, and was in that way circulated and established through the country (as was the case in respect to Hobson's choice, by the students at Cambridge, in old England), till from its currency in New England it was at length taken up and unjustly applied to the New Englanders in common, as a term of reproach."

Jonathan Hastings was called "Yankee Hastings," as will be seen from the following extract taken from the Massachusetts Magazine for 1795, in which this passage occurs:

"One of these letters, dated Cambridge, Sept. 27, 1738, the editor has before him. It is most humorous narrative of the fate of a goose roasted at 'Yankee Hastings,' and it concludes with a poem on the occasion, in mock heroics." It will be noticed that the words "Yankee Hastings" are quoted, no doubt from the letter alluded to in the article. The reason why Hastings applied the word Yankee to persons and things, denoting excellent, is not given; hence the obscurity of the origin of the term with him.

YEOMAN AND ESQUIRE—ORIGIN OF.

The title of yeoman was originally on a level with esquire. The title is of military origin. Esquires were so called because in combat they carried for defence an ecu or shield; and yeoman, because, besides the weapons proper for a close engagement, they fought with arrows and the bow, which was made of yew, a tree of more elasticity than any other. The name bow seems to be derived from yew, or yew from bow, as Walter is derived from Gualtier, Wales from Gales. Dryden uses the word eugh for bow, in his translation of the "Æneid:"

At the full strength of both his hands he drew,
And almost joined the horns of the tough eugh.

YEW TREE—THE ORIGIN OF BEING PLANTED IN CHURCHYARDS.

Before the invention of gunpowder, and use of firearms, every parish in England was obliged to have yew trees in their churchyards, the branches of which were made into bows for the use of the archers; and to this it is owing that in many of those places we find yew trees still growing; although the use of shooting with bows has long been discontinued in the armies of Europe.

"Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin."—*Parnell.*

YOU HAVE HIT THE RIGHT NAIL ON THE HEAD.

From *Rem ne tetigisti* (Plautus): "You have touched the matter subject with a needle." In other words, "hit the right nail on the head."

THE END.

MR. HEAVY HEELS.

BY JULIA E. TORREY.

(CONCLUDED)

Espying Will upon the floor, Heavy Heels cried out:

"Oh, Will, did you catch him? I should have died in another minute. He was so terrible, so stinging! 'Twas like having a thousand mad dogs tearing me to pieces all at once. Dear Will, how good, how brave you were to come and frighten him away. I cannot thank you. I feel so weak!"

The last words came faltering out, each making great hot fever blisters rise and burn in Will's conscience, and he cried out: "Oh, Charlie! I set the thing on, but I didn't mean it to hold so very tight, and hurt you so much as that."

But his repentant words fell on deaf ears, for the fright, pain and horror of his sudden awakening had been too much for Heavy Heels. He had fainted quite away.

The other boys showed scared faces from the closet door, and Will whispered to them huskily:

"Go bring camphor, water, and tell his mother."

But the door opened, admitting Mrs. Burton herself, saying hurriedly: "Boys, what are——"

There she stopped, short of breath, when she saw the condition of Heavy Heels.

Sending all the boys away, and telling Jack to bring hartshorn and water immediately, she began to chafe Charlie's hands energetically. A minute had not passed before Jack returned with the restoratives, after the application of which, Heavy Heels' lips began to quiver; then opening his eyes, a faint, sweet smile went up to meet his mother's anxious glance.

"Don't worry, mother dear; I've got all the pieces of me yet, but I had to fight for them, and it tired me so," said he, in a weak, weary voice. Then, nestling his cheek in his mother's hand, he was soon sleeping off his exhaustion.

When assured, by his quiet breathing, that the excitement had been lulled to rest, Mrs. Burton left Heavy Heels to seek an explanation of the boys below.

Finding them huddled together, and talking in low, sorry tones, she knew that their hearts had been active workers in arousing regret; yet she felt it her duty that words of hers should also knock against their hearts and leave an impression. So, in anxious tones, she said:

"Boys,' you are all fleet-footed, and quickly reach a desired place; yet when your feet travel so fast, why should your heads be so far in the background that you find yourselves leaping into dangers before something—like a detaining hand—can lay itself upon you, saying, 'Hold?' Caution is a good girdle, which, if buckled firmly around every plan for fun, will allow the fun room in which to laugh, shout and grow fat, round and hearty. Fun, in that case, is not broken up into sharp bits, that cut your enjoyment into fragments, as it has been cut just now. It always cuts and bleeds you, so that some of the good within you drops away, when, for the sake of having a little fun, you sting others with the fangs of wrong. I like to see your faces merry and glad, shining with healthy thoughts. You can keep them so, if you will keep Caution in sight when fun is beckoning you on. You all must feel how wrong it was to seek enjoyment at the expense of your dear little mate, and I hope, I do sincerely hope, a desire to please will, after this, be the motive that sets your fun in motion." I left Charlie sleeping, and when he awakens I'm sure he will show a forgiving spirit."

"Yes," spoke all, in honest tones, "we know he will be easy with us."

"And that only makes us more ashamed of ourselves," said Col. Stir Up; "and we thank you for your kind words, Mrs. Burton, and will try to profit by them."

Then he explained to her the cause of Heavy Heels' fright, promising "never to be the Colonel in another such an attack."

Mrs. Burton then left the boys, and Heavy Heels came out among them, carrying the battery. When he reached them he said:

"Found, in the study of Charles Burton, alias Mr. Heavy Heels, a mysterious box, gifted with the power of arousing the soundest sleeper, and in making the heels of the heaviest walker fly like a trip-hammer—so!" giving his own an energetic flourish in the air, that sent the boys bounding away at a safe distance. "If the owner of this valuable box;" he resumed, "will step this way, he can receive his property, and no questions will be asked!"

Which generous offer was accepted by Col. Stir Up, who, stepping forward, said:

"Every one knows I am the thief that robbed you of your sleep. What do you propose doing with me, now I'm caught?"

"I would like to have the fun," replied Heavy Heels with a merry laugh, "of setting on you and all your 'robber band,' the frisky imp that lives in this box. So those who possess the spirit of bravery will join hands and feel what I have felt."

Without hesitation, the linked chain was formed, and after twisting together the wire that had previously become broken, Heavy Heels handed one pole to Will, the other to Jack—as they stood at each end of the line—and then set the "imp" at work.

He gave them such a strong dose that they winced and jerked themselves into grotesque shapes, yet still clung hand to hand, dancing a dance never danced before, and laughing, shouting and screaming till Mr. Heavy Heels exclaimed:

"That last kick of yours, Will, can't be beat, and so the imp"—turning off the current—"bows himself out of each of your tortured bodies."

"Well," said Will, "we've all indulged in a strange, wild emotion this afternoon; so I think we might as well go home and ponder thereupon. But first, I've a thought."

"What is it like?" asked Jack.

"A 'sugar coat' to cover the bitter pill that Charlie has been swallowing," answered Will.

"Let's smell it!" exclaimed Freddie.

"Well, it smells like fun—fresh fun out on my Uncle Edward's farm, all of next Saturday. He's told me he would send in a big wagon to carry a load of my boys out there, any day I wanted to go. Who wants to play being farmer?"

"Every chap of us!" shouted Mr. Heavy Heels for all.

"Then I'll send uncle Edward word, and Saturday we'll 'all jump in the wagon' and be bound for the farm."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" sang out their merry voices, as they separated for the night.

The next day was Friday, and each boy felt as if he would like to cut its hours down to the length of its minutes, so impatient were they for the coming of the jolly hours that were to be let loose when Saturday should come running into the world.

But Friday lingered, rosy with the colors of anticipation, that it cast around each of the expectant boys, lingered until its last minute had reflected its lights upon the walls of the past, and then Saturday came and found the boys ready to jump off of the Lookout and Anticipation and land on Realization.

About an hour before the time appointed for starting, Mrs. Burton remarked to Charlie:

"I would like you to put this letter in the post-office for me, dear, before you are to start on your excursion."

"All right, mother," exclaimed he, rising and taking it; "I'd be glad of anything to fill up the minutes I've got to wait."

Walking in his usual slow way, Mr. Heavy Heels reached the office, dropped the letter in the box, and started homeward.

He was moving lazily down the hill, at the foot of which his home was planted, thinking of the fine time he expected to have during the day, when a voice quick and imperative cried out:

"Look out! Out of the way there!"

Then followed a rumbling sound, as of something approaching.

Scarcely increasing his pace, the boy moved on; but as he was about turning to see if any danger were near, and if so, how near, a keg of nails which had been jolted off of a load going up hill, came rushing toward him, and, as he sprang to one side to escape it, the keg hit against his left heel, bruising it terribly.

Heavy Heels sank down upon the roadside, and was moaning and crying with pain, when the man that gave the warning reached him.

"I'm sorry you're hurt, boy," said he; "but what made you crawl when I yelled out at you."

"Oh! my heel, my heel, my heel!" was the only answer.

"Poor boy. I guess you'll need a walking prop. Let me help you up, then you can lean on me. You can't walk?" as Heavy Heels attempted to rise, and sank back with a groan.

"Well, 'twouldn't be human to leave you here, so if you'll be arter telling me where you belong, I'll just load you up."

"There," gasped Mr. Heavy Heels, pointing downward toward a house that stood like a white blossom in a green bower.

Lifting him carefully, the man carried him thither, and tried to lessen his mother's alarm by saying:

"Oh, ma'am, 'taint so bad, sure,—jist a softish bruise in one of his heels."

But upon examination the heel was found to be fractured. The doctor was called, and had scarcely bound it up and remarked: "My boy, this will keep you quiet for some weeks, and then Charlie will be himself again," when a glad shout from without heralded the arrival of the wagon load of boys, who had come for Charlie and Jack to join them.

They called out:

"Charlie, Charlie, Jack, come along!"

Heavy Heels hearing them, bit his lip hard, to bite back the disappointment, which was ready to roll off his tongue in impatient words.

Jack came in prepared to start and said: "Charlie, poor fellow, I hate to go without you, and I won't go either."

"Oh, yes. I want you to go, Jack, and you must enjoy yourself enough for us both. Tell the others my 'heavy heels' have dragged me down, and I can't get up. Good by, old boy."

Upon hearing what had happened to Heavy Heels, the boys felt as if they had all been plunged in cold water, for the icy chills of disappointment crept with the news all through their enjoyment, and they exclaimed:

"It's too awful bad!"

"I'll just run in and see him a moment," said Will, "and then we'll make the best of what's got to be, however much we may balk against it."

Soon returning he remarked, as he leaped into the wagon:

"Our Heavy Heels is pretty much cut up, with his having to keep so confounded quiet and seeing us go off without him. But I told him next time we got up a dish of pleasure he should be the dessert and sauce, which should top it off jollily, and I left him smiling."

Under the smile that Will left on Heavy Heels' face was the resolve that when that time came the "dessert" would be found to be "light," not heavy and doughy as hitherto.

Already something was working within him that seemed to disturb greatly the drowsy heaviness of his heels, which till now had been "drugged," he told himself, with his "stupid inactivity."

During the days and weeks that Heavy Heels lay upon the bed, his brain kept up a busy thinking. He indulged in many a quiet talk with himself, reasoning and arguing with his heels so effectively that, by the time he was up and about again, he had reasoned all the heaviness away.

When folks marveled at the sudden change, Heavy Heels would laugh and say:

"Didn't you ever see a span of horses one slow the other fast in its disposition to go? The fast one always has to keep pace with the slow one, until a rousing whipping starts the slow one up. Well, my heels have been like such a span, because only one heel got a lickiog, and both now trot ahead like regular '2.40's.' And I intend to apply the spur every time this fellow lags."

He was true to his word, and the "curtain" in his life's drama went down upon "Mr. Heavy Heels" never to rise again.

JAPANESE BABIES.—In Japan children are never left to cry in cradles. There are no cradles. Almost as soon as born they are taken out on the backs of the older children, the first child carrying the second, the second the third, and so on, and you will see a company of girls playing battle dore, each with a baby strapped to her back. If the baby cries they jump up and down a little and so rock it off to sleep! The baby thus gets exercise, fresh air, and sees all there is going on.

FEAR and timidity restrain our approach towards him whom fortune has elevated above us. All who are acquainted with the working of the heart will allow that equal friendships are the warmest and most lasting. Those who are linked together simply by their interest are friends no longer than prosperity lasts.

FEMININITIES.

Mrs. President Hayes wont wear low-necked dresses.

The Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia is a woman's rights woman.

The "idiot droop" is the term applied to that style of wearing the hair which pulls it down over the forehead.

A woman in Fairfield, Me., has a growth of natural hair eight feet and one inch long, and has refused, it is said, $2,000 for it.

In Mt. Sterling, Ky., there lives a young woman eighteen years of age, who has been married six years and has three children.

A lover sees his sweetheart in everything he looks at, just as a man bitten by a mad dog, sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his drink, dogs all round him.

A hair from the mad dog is said to cure the bite, and it frequently happens that a solitary tress from the hash will cure a passion for a red-headed waiter girl.

Did it ever strike any of our reflective readers that the same woman who admires some other woman's husband can't see what he saw in "that wish-washy wife of his!"

Female printers, female doctors, female lawyers, female barbers, but the "noblest Roman of them all" is the female blacksmith, who has just opened a shop in Georgia.

A Boston woman last week testified that a man had threatened to take her life, and he was put under bonds to keep the peace for six months. Since then she has married him.

Some soured bachelor says: "Heaven in its merciful providence gave no beard to women, because he well knew they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved.

A Brooklyn girl who had supposed she had caught a rich husband, found, upon an inventory, that he wore hired jewelry, owed for his clothes, was behind in his board, and that he couldn't lend her $5 to consult a lawyer about a divorce.

Dr. Vulpian, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, says that since 1865 thirty-two women students have pursued medical studies under his guidance. Of these nine have received diplomas. The conduct and study of the ladies is highly commended.

How often, oh, how often, a man with only one solitary button on his shirt, and that one a brass pin, looks with devouring envy upon his wife's seven-button kid gloves, and wishes all the shirts in his possession were just one glove. There does seem to be something wrong in this division of buttons.

They tell a story of an Alabama clergyman who remarked confidentially to a parishoner that when he married his wife, twenty years before, she was pretty enough to eat, "and, added he, "I've often regretted since that I didn't eat her, only I suppose from mere force of habit, she'd have disagreed with me."

"THE MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT."

The "Koh-i-noor diamond," or Mountain of Light, was the talisman of India for many centuries. According to Hindu legend it was worn by the King of Anga, one of the warriors who were slain in the Great War, which is the subject of the Sanscrit epic. The Emperor Baber records the fact of this diamond having been taken at Agra, by Humayun, in May, 1526, and when Tavernier visited the court of the Great Mogul it was in the possession of Aurungzebe, who treated it with the greatest solemnity. According to tradition, Mohammed Shah, the great grandson of Aurungzebe, wore the Koh-i-noor in front of his turban at his interview with his conqueror, Nadir Shah, when the latter monarch insisted upon exchanging turbans in proof of his regard. On the annexation of the Punjaub in 1850 by the British Government, it was stipulated that the Koh-i noor should be presented to the Queen. After the East India Company became possessed of the gem, it was sent by Lord Dalhousie to England in the possession of two officers. After having been the cynosure of all eyes in the Exhibition of 1851, it was recut in Mr. Garrard's house, by workmen brought over from Mr. Coster's establishment at Amsterdam. The cutting by the new process, which included the employment of a small steam engine, is said to have cost £8,000. Mr. King relates a curious story of the danger the stone was in at this period. He writes: "The London jeweller entrusted with the recutting of the Koh-i-noor was displaying his finished work to a wealthy patron, who accidentally let the slippery and weighty gem slip through his fingers and fall on the ground. The jeweller was on the point of fainting with alarm, and on recovering himself, reduced the other to the same state, by informing him that had the stone struck the floor at a particular angle it would infallibly have split in two, and been irreparably ruined."

THE VALUE OF THE DIAMOND.

The comparative value of precious stones has varied greatly at different periods, and the diamond, which now takes the lead as the very chief of jewels, has not always held that position. Before the skill of the lapidary (which now brings out all the beauties of the diamond) was brought to perfection, the pearl and the ruby stood before it. Even now a perfect ruby exceeding one caret in weight is worth considerable more than a diamond. Thus, £300 has been given for a ruby of three carats, although a diamond of the same weight would sell for no more than £90. But, as Mr. Emanual writes, 'no matter how brilliant the ruby, or how free from defects and flaws; it must have the precise pigeon's blood red to make it the gem which surpasses the diamond in value.' The Indians have always given the diamond the first place, but the Persians, in the thirteenth century, placed it fifth, after the pearl, the ruby, the emerald, and the chrysolite. Cellini ranked it after the ruby and emerald, and Garcias ab Horto, in 1563 wrote: "The diamond is considered the king of gems, on account of the hardness of its substance; for if we look to value and beauty, the emerald holds the first place, and the ruby (if clear) the second."

PUBLIC MEETINGS IN FRANCE.—The forms of a Parisian public meeting are more strictly democratic than with us. No one presumes to propose a president. The president is named by the ultra-democratic method of inviting the citizens present to name a chairman. The citizens present then all begin to shout simultaneously the name of their choice. After a few minutes one name gradually overpowers the rest, and a final show of hands is taken. The president who thus spontaneously issues out of universal suffrage then takes the chair.

—Secretary Evarts is 60 years old.

—A few days ago two ladies were crossing Loss Creek, Ala. on horseback, one of whom carried a baby. When toward the middle of the stream the mother became dizzy and dropped the infant into the water. Both ladies screamed for assistance, but, none coming, they rode off to the nearest house and got some men out. The baby was found floating a mile below the crossing, after an exposure of 40 minutes, with its face upward, fast asleep. It was well wrapped up, and the clothes had kept it from sinking.

—General Robert Toombs says that tea growing in Georgia is not a new thing—that for the last forty years "tea trees" have been growing there. They were planted by Dr. L. Acee, who failed in his tea-culture, only because he did not understand the treatment of the leaves. The General holds that when Americans understand the manipulation of the leaves as well as the Chinese do, the former will produce as good, if not better tea than do the latter.

That Terrible Scourge,

Fever and ague, and its congener, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age. A languid circulation, a torpid state of the liver, a want of vital stamina, are conditions peculiarly favorable to malarial diseases. They are, however, surely remedied by the great Preventive, which, by invigorating the system and endowing it with regularity as well as vigor, provides it with a resistant power which enables it to withstand disorders not only of a malarial type, but a host of others to which feeble and ill regulated systems are subject. The Bitters are a safe as well as searching eradicant, and have widely superseded that dangerous drug, quinine, which palliates but does not eradicate malaria.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. This rule, however, would be very unfortunate to follow, for people who had been imposed upon by the purchase of a bogus organ, when they found out they could have procured one of Daniel F. Beatty for less money than what they paid for their inferior instrument. Mr. Beatty manufactures the very best Pianos and Organs in the country, at lower prices than any one in the trade. See his advertisement.

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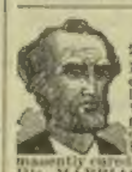

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AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY J. STIRLING.

I.

Something that a spirit did
Weighed upon my drowsy lid.

II.

Dwelling on her form and face
Gave the air a nameless grace.

III.

Filtered through the darkened room
Romance sweet and magic gloom.

IV.

Silken sheen and laces white
Rustled in the startled night.

V.

A fairy apparition sent
With starry eyes upon me bent.

VI.

And floating hair to haunt my rest
With dreams of her I love the best.

LOVE'S LAST SUIT.

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Love, forget me when I'm gone:
When the tree is overthrown,
Let its place be digged and sown
O'er with grass; when that is grown,
The very place shall be unknown.
So court I oblivion!
So, I charge thee by our love,
Love, forget me when I'm gone!
Love of him that lies in clay
Only maketh life forlorn,
Clouding o'er the new-born day
With regrets of yestermorn.

And what is love to him that's low,
Or sunshine on his grave that floats?
Love nor sunshine reacheth now
Deeper than the daisy roots.
So, when he that nigh me hovers—
Death, that spares not happy lovers,
Comes to claim his little due,
Love, as thou art good and true,
Proudly give the churl his own,
And forget me when I'm gone!

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

IX—[CONTINUED.]

"You bet it's alive!" cried Snapfelder from the interior of the closet.

"It's not much dead. Not as dead as you are. Come here; come here. Just take a look, mister. Somebody's gone for him and tied his mouth and hands."

Henry was aghast.

He staggered over to the pantry, and supporting himself upon the edge of the door frame, glanced into its depths. He had no sooner done so, than he cried out in a tone like a shriek:

"Stop! stop! What are you doing? My God, it's Louis!"

IT WAS INDEED LOUIS SCHAFF HIMSELF!

Henry pushed the policeman fiercely from him, and knelt down and began feeling for the knot of the bandage that so tightly bound Mr. Schaff's mouth, and the strap that fastened his hands. Then he quickly untied them, and said in a tremulous voice:

"How the devil old fellow—did you come here? Say! Ha, ha! Is this a joke? Speak old boy—open your eyes. I'm I, Henry. Don't you know me?"

Then turning to the wonder-stricken policeman, he said:

"Some water quick. He's fainted. No—no. Stop. Never mind. How the deuce. How in the name of the fiend—has this happened? The corpse—where is it? Hello Lou, are you going to wake up? Hey—open your eyes, that's a good fellow. Louey? Louey! Here, give a hand; help him out of this. Lift him up. That's it. Carefully now. My, my, my! It's funny!"

Henry was ejaculatory with intense agitation.

They lifted up Mr. Schaff and carried him out of the pantry.

Then Henry exclaimed:

"Softly now—don't make a noise. My sister——asleep you know. Softly. He won't speak, will he? It's horrible, horrible! Carry him into the parlor there, and lay him on the sofa. Never mind the light. Go in. We can find our way. Softly, I tell you. God! I must be dreaming!"

It did not take long for Snapfelder and Henry to transport the swooning Louis into the parlor, where he was at once laid on the yielding velvet cushions of the spacious lounge.

"Now go out. Bring the light in. Where's Tinkle? Where's the dog? I don't hear the dog."

Snapfelder replied:

"I guess Matt's dug off, and the dog's bolted, too. I heard the door slam."

Snapfelder disappeared, to bring the candle.

Although Henry had not actually seen Mr. Roop place the corpse in the pantry, Rood had told him when upstairs of what he had done, and Henry determined to get the thing out of the closet, if possible, as soon as he could.

It was with this idea that he finally summoned Snapfelder, and his consternation, his utter horror, his delirium at not finding the dead body there, and at seeing the body of his friend in its place, nearly crazed him for the moment.

Where had the ghastly corpse vanished?

How came Louis there?

So the night as it were on, instead of clearing up the matter, only wove new mysteries, new entanglements.

Snapfelder was back in an instant with the candle.

"Say, mister, I grabbed a bottle of wine, too. May be it'll do him good."

"That's thoughtful," answered Henry, taking the bottle from the policeman's hand, and kneeling at the head of the lounge.

"Hold the light here. His eyes are still closed. He's in a bad way, I think. Louis, Louis!" he cried.

Mr. Schaff indeed presented a cruel spectacle. He had neither coat nor vest; his shirt was torn in front as if a hand more like a claw than a hand, had caught him there. His beautiful diamond pin was gone. The slippers had disappeared from his feet. He lay extended on the lounge in a sort of stertorous slumber. His face was livid, save where the cutting bandage had left a red mark about his cheeks and jaw.

He had evidently had a desperate struggle with some powerful monster—whether human or demoniac, the night had yet to reveal.

"Mister," suggested Snapfelder, as he looked with an expression of earnest regard at Henry, who was bending over his friend's body, and clasping his hands.

"Say, mister, better crack the bottle; it'll do him good. Do us all good."

"Sh!" said Henry, "he's opening his eyes. Lou, Lou, what have you been dreaming about?"

A groan was the reply, and the eyes closed again.

Then a voice, a voice broken, almost sepulchral, came from the lips of the reclining man:

"Am I in hell?"

"Yes, we are, all of us. Esther excepted."

The sound of that name electrified the lover. His eyes opened wider—became brighter.

He moaned:

"Where am I? Where am I? Where is Essie, Essie?"

"Lou, don't you know me?"

"Yes, of course I do; you're the devil himself—the head devil!"

"Am I? And what is Essie, then?"

"Angel of light!"

The half delirious man lapsed again into a trance.

"Hark, Lou!" cried Henry, "listen to me. Open your eyes—look at us. Esther Maddock and her brother Henry are here, and Miranda Clayborne is here. Don't you recollect? We have come to save you."

But the man was more like a dead man now than ever.

What could be the matter with him?

Henry imagined he might have been drugged.

"Get us a glass—cup—anything! I'll try the wine. Don't leave the room," he added, as he saw Snapfelder about to make a dart for the door. "That glass there will do—that bouquet-holder—quick!"

The delicate, slim cut-glass ornament was brought him.

"We've no corkscrew. Never mind."

He broke the neck of the bottle, spilt a gill of the wine, and filling the glass, placed it to the lips of his stricken friend.

The wine revived Louis.

He opened his eyes after a short interval and said, with a shudder:

"What a dream I had. How did you come here, Henry? Who struck me on the head?"

"Who struck you on the head?"

"Yes, a moment ago, or else I dreamed it. Who was it?"

"God only knows!" said Henry, with a look of alarm. "We are trying to find out a good many things to-night, Louis, and this may be one of them. I'm glad you know me."

Louis moved himself into more of a sitting position, and leaning on his elbow, stared into Henry's face vacantly; then stared about him, then passed his hand over his head, and then laughed.

"Ha, ha! I am right. It is Harry. Where's Esther? Where's your sister, Essie? I hope she isn't dead. I'm all mixed up."

He stared up at Snapfelder, who was staring, terrified, at him, and said to the policeman:

"I'm arrested, am I? You've got me in charge, eh? Was it you hit me?"

"Look here, Lou!" cried Henry, almost heart-broken at the strangeness of his friend. "Look here! Try and remember. This is a policeman, and he's come to protect us. The watchman is here, too. We have been hunting for you, and we want you to tell us where you have been. Come now. Don't be foolish!"

Schaff was growing more sane, and as the clouds lifted from his brain, he seemed to recognize the situation better, and to remember the past.

"I asked where Essie was? Is she safe?"

"She's safe, and sound asleep."

"Asleep! Please don't trifle with me, Harry."

"I swear she's asleep!"

"Thank God! What a night—oh, what a night! My head, my head!"

He pressed his hand to his forehead and moaned.

Then he looked up.

"What's the matter over there—there?"

"Only the shadow of my head cast by the candle here," replied Henry.

"Oh!"

"Where have you been, Lou?" demanded Henry. "Tell us; we have hunted you everywhere!"

"I've been in the limbo of darkness and pain. I have been down in the depths. I have been dead. I have suffered death. I am dead even now!"

"Come, come!" cried Henry, "give over this folly. Tell where you were. When you went down stairs what happened?"

"When I went down stairs what happened?"

Louis echoed the words mournfully. Then catching Henry by the arm with a clutch that sent a cold shiver through him, he hissed:

"I dropped into the deepest depths of hell itself! When I went down stairs what happened? Death!"

"Come, come. When you get calmer, talk to me seriously. I have been anguished to find you. And I must know the secret of your mishaps. Another draught of this wine, Lou."

"Yes—yes. Thanks. It has warmed me!"

"You are cold. You are shivering. If I could only get a coat or blanket, or something."

"You could have mine if it wasn't as wet as can be," said Snapfelder.

"Thank you, officer," said Louis. "Have you caught them? Tell me!"

"Haven't caught nothing, sir. We're keepin' our eyes skinned to catch somethin', though."

"This has been a fearful night—fearful, fearful!" said Louis. "But I'm glad you are here with me. I wish Essie were here. Where's Miranda?"

"Upstairs. She'll be here soon," returned Henry. "Do you feel stronger?"

"Much," replied Louis. "I feel even brave. Not brave enough to go through what I have gone through, though. Oh, God!"

"You feel brave enough to put us on the track of your assaulters, don't you? Come—we must know. The house is surrounded by the police. There is a watchman and policeman inside looking everywhere. Now you can help us if you only speak a word, Lou, and tell us where you have been. Tell me where you went, whom you saw, and what you discovered!"

Louis lapsed into a musing state; then he looked wildly into the face of Henry, and cried, as in pain:

"Ah, I cannot, I cannot remember!" Touching his forehead—"a demon struck me here; I knew no more, save that I was in a trance of agony. A dream wherein I saw a hideous company of spectres in an atmosphere infernal. I saw dark faces with blood upon them, white faces with blood upon them. Ah, ha! and bodies that I shrank from in vain. Bodies that pressed upon me. God of Heaven how cold they were! Cold, cold—death cold!"

"You are dreaming still, Lou. You are not telling me where you went when you came down stairs. You say a demon struck you. Were you in the hands of a burglar, say?"

"I tell you I only know that I was struck into a stupor of insensibility. Awaking from that, I seemed to walk in a region peopled with condemned souls! Can I say more? That is what I felt."

"Did you not see a man?"

"I know not whether it was man or spirit. I saw faces—one of them a black face with blood upon it!"

Henry shivered. He said nothing, however. It was the face he had seen. It was the imp the women had seen.

"Well, go on, Lou."

"I was suffering all the torture of Hades itself, when a voice like music came into my dream. Essie's voice. It said, 'come to me.' I groped about in a place, dark, cold, stifling, terrible—and then I knew no more till I was conscious of a light—at first dim—then brighter. Then I heard human voices; then I think I saw you."

"Yes, you were in the closet."

"The closet?"

"The pantry."

"The pantry? Good God, Harry! In the pantry. Are you joking?"

"I might joke, Lou," said Henry, smiling. "I might joke, and say you were with other preserved spirits out there. Ha, ha! Along with wine bottles and preserves!"

"In the pantry? What does it mean?"

"Ah! you are beginning to get awake, I see. You are realizing your situation. You will be able to tell us all in a moment."

Louis, however was again in a revery, and he dropped his face into his hands, and a stray convulsion agitated him for an instant. He was making a powerful effort to recall everything.

It was then that Snapfelder, holding up a warning finger, said in a whispered tone to Henry:

"Hear that? They're whistlin'!"

"More trouble!" said Henry, rising, and then stopping to listen.

"Sure enough! There's a whistle upstairs! We must see what it means!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBBER CRABS.

In the island of Samoa, in the Pacific Ocean, the large robber crab is found in great numbers, and the natives are very expert in catching them. The sagacity of these crabs is surprising. A young man in a family in Samoa saw one up a cocoanut tree, twenty five feet high, push down (not twist off as the natives do) a large brown cocoanut—that is, a nut in just such a state of ripeness as a native would have selected. The habit of this crab is, after having thrown down a cocoanut from the tree, to descend, go to the nut, and tear off with its strong claws the fibrous husk; then it reascends the tree with the nut, holding it by a bit of the husk which it leaves on for the purpose, and lets it fall upon a stone or rock to break it. It then again descends, either to feed upon the broken pieces or to carry them away to its hiding-place. Sometimes instead of taking it up the tree again to let it fall upon a stone, it will gnaw with its strong, nipper-like claws a large hole in the nut, beginning at the eye. If these crabs perceive themselves discovered up a tree by any person, they draw up their legs, form themselves into a ball, drop down, and immediately endeavor to escape; or, if discovered near a precipice, they roll down it. They feed on other fruits besides the cocoanut; such as the candle nuts, nutmegs, figs, and many other kinds of rich and oily nuts and fruits. The trees yielding these are, at certain seasons, covered with them, feasting upon their fruits, and when thus found, basket-loads of them are taken. They go periodically into the sea, about the change and full of the moon, just before she rises.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF'S LUCK.

John Conners, deputy sheriff of St. Clair county, Missouri, was on his way, some weeks since, from St. Clair county to Jefferson City, conveying to the penitentiary a prisoner named Jones, and at one of the small stations thirty or forty miles from St. Louis, on the Missouri Pacific road, the prisoner got away. Conners was dumbfounded, and got off the train, and plunged out wildly in the dark, not knowing just why, but anxious to do something. He wandered out in the country, until, tired and wet, he reached a cabin, when he concluded to stop and learn his whereabouts. He knocked vigorously at the door.

"Who's dar?" inquired, excitedly, a voice within.

Mr. Conners explained his mission and his situation.

"Well, you jes' can't come in heah! My ole man's away, an' Ise all by myself. Ise feared to let yer in heah, fuh shuah!"

The deputy sheriff pleaded manfully though, and the colored woman in the cabin finally relented and let him in. He took a seat and, tired as he was, soon fell half asleep. The old negress went out, and he dozed alone, when there came a thundering knock at the door. Conners started up and shouted: "Come in!"

The door opened and a man entered. He stared at Conners and Conners stared at him. Then the visitor gasped out:

"H-h-ow did you come here?"

The man was Jones, the escaped prisoner! By one of the most remarkable coincidences on record, he had, after wandering, walked into the very jaws of danger again. Not one time in a thousand could an officer have been so lucky as Conners. He seized the prisoner with a yell and hung on to him. Twenty-four hours later Jones was in the penitentiary.

A STRANGE TRADITION.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out purer and fairer than before, the second hesitated a moment; during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddied, and when he bathed, he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out with his own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second inwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, inks, and paper, the engines of the mind—the means of mutual, mental improvement, the social links.

Our natural disposition to evil is evident in this, that vice tracks out its path and stands in need of no instructor; while it requires not only example, but discipline to initiate us in virtue.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

March is often one of the coldest months in the year, and even though we have nominally said good bye to winter, the wintry piercing winds, with a dash of snow now and then in the air, are very lively reminders that winter is still lurking around to take advantage of the unwary, who deluded by the blue skies and bright sunshine, have been tempted to don spring garments too soon. Indeed, while we may enthusiastically discuss spring fashions and plan the various preparations for the spring, this is the season or month of all others that we should fold more closely the shawl or warm winter garments and cling with strong affection to the winter costume, even though its charms have departed, and the shop counters are temptingly strewn with the early blossoms of spring fashions.

The new goods which have thus far been displayed are really charming, the combinations of colors on delicate grounds of grays, browns, blues, and cream color, present such an endless variety to select from, suiting all complexions and tastes. The mossy surface is produced with very pretty effect by tufts of four or five different colors knotted in loose threads over the plain ground, the trimming for which may be two or three pipings of silk, selecting the most prominent and harmonious colors in the material as a guide for the color of the pipings. Soft woollen materials made up with self material complete, or combined with silk which forms the underskirt, will maintain the same popularity as in the winter for street wear. A few "spring openings" have been announced for the coming week, and probably in two or three weeks they will generally inaugurate the new styles, which are supposed to supplant the old ones. Until these all important events occur, we have but a few whispered hints and passing glimpses of things which are now enough to be quoted as a guide for those who are seeking advice.

The newest black silk costumes are much trimmed with narrow black lace pleatings, and are draped with double or treble scarfs across the front. The corsage is cut coat shape, and the dressy effect is heightened by the introduction of a colored vest of brocaded silk. This can be worn at will, so that quite a variety can be given to one's dress by several different colored vests.

Lace pleatings will be very much used on mantles of silk, cashmere or silcilenne. A rival to lace will be the new chenille fringes which are not twisted, the strands falling straight and looking very brilliant, and as fluffy as though they were fronds of split feathers, which has given it the name of feather chenille fringe.

For ordinary wear costumes of Indian cashmere will be quite popular. Some quite novel designs have been introduced, one of prune colored cashmere was exquisitely embroidered in forget-me-nots and moss.

Some skirts will be made with three deep kilt pleatings in the front, reaching above the knee, the long train in the back looped up through satin bands.

The pale tints in blue, cream, mauve, and rose are used for full dress, with trimmings of lace, or moss galloons and moss fringe.

The new paletots of light cloth are made without a seam down the centre of the back, as light materials do not look well with many seams. Jackets will be close fitting and shaped to the figure, and shorter than those used in winter. The jauntiest of the spring wraps, however, is the cutaway coat that fastens over the chest with one button, and shows a waistcoat below.

Sleeves will continue to be made in the coat shape and very tight to the arm, to allow the wide cuff of lace or embroidery on the outside, but in garments for warm weather they will be shorter, reaching a little below the elbow and continued by frills of lace.

Trimming will be used to simulate a yoke; for instance, if galloon is used, it is arranged to outline a yoke, or if silk or damasse, the whole yoke is made of it, on dresses of thick or thin materials.

Cambric dresses will be made with basques and waistbands, and have deep square collars shaped like a yoke, and edged with either embroidery or Russian or Torchon lace. The Carrick collars or capes will be worn with polonaises and spring paletots and jackets.

The bodice called "Habit d'Incroyable" has been much worn this winter, and promises to continue in favor. They are made of velvet, with tight close fitting sleeves, and fastened high in the neck, with jabots of rich lace.

The new colored embroidery in Hamburg work is very pretty, and promises to rival the popularity of Torchon lace as a trimming for wash materials. The designs vary from a narrow edge to a wide ruffle with a cluster of flowers, while various colors are introduced, blue and cardinal tilleul, green or plain blue and plain cardinal. It has appeared quite extensively on underclothing, forming the ruffles on skirts, with a much prettier effect than on the other undergarments.

The following model presents many attractions as one suitable for the spring woolen materials. The combination is olive green silk and a bourette with tufts of tilleul, pale blue, old gold and cardinal. The silk skirt is untrimmed in the back, and in front has two narrow box pleated ruffles. The bourette forms a princesse polonaise, buttoned all the way down, over on the left side the edge being piped with pale blue, olive and tilleul. This piping is placed down the right side with buttons, to correspond with the left, and has the effect of a plastron front. Large square pockets of olive silk piped with the three pipings are on each side of the drapery; the back is slightly looped and square at the bottom, one side being turned back as a revers and faced with olive silk. The triple piping edges the polonaise around the bottom and on the revers as well as the cuffs.

Another very effective model was of light gray bourette with flecks of cardinal, blue, gold and brown. The skirt was of gray silk with a kilt plaiting forming a heading with a bias band of the bourette below the heading. The princesse polonaise of the bourette is trimmed all around with a bias band of the gray silk, piped each side with blue and gold. This band is arranged across the front to simulate a cuirasse front, and extends up each side of the back drapery as far as the band forming the front cuirasse trimming. A plastron of the silk is inserted back and front of the corsage. Sleeves of silk, with cuffs of bourette.

Our Fireside Chat.

Among the letters sent to the Fireside Chat this week are the following answers and queries:

To Clean White Marble.—If R. A. B. tries the following directions I think she will find them all she wants: 1lb. of soda, 1lb. of soft soap, 1lb. of whiting; simmer all together for three hours, stirring occasionally; apply it to the marble hot, with a brush, and let it remain a week or longer, if convenient; wash off with water and a scrubbing brush. I have tried this with great success on a handsome marble chimney piece (white), which was quite brown from a smoky chimney.—*Quakeress.*

Covering Chair Seats.—Having seen "Industry's" query for suggestions on chair covers, I hope she will find my answer available. As everything now for furniture decoration is embroidery, I don't think she will object to this. I fitted the covers very accurately in linen crash, and embroidered a design on each, making each one different; the narrow piece which goes around the sides and front I scalloped and bound with a braid, and worked in each scallop a small design. I have heard that nankeen of a pinkish gray shade makes very pretty covers embroidered in this way. There are also varieties of linen crash with a star or leaf design, which one can work over in simple outline stitch, and make very pretty chair covers.—*A Great Worker.*

Light Puff Paste.—I sympathize with Young Housekeeper, for many a time have I, looking in at the pastrycook's windows for "an idea," and making one of the usual party of envious youngsters taking an imaginary and delightful meal from the multitudes of smoking, tempting viands therein, wondered greatly how the proprietors managed to make such unfeignedly "puff" like paste. "Try, try again," is, or ought to be, every would-be cook's motto, and I used to "Try, try again" with quite a laudable perseverance that ought to have brought forth perfect snowflakes in the way of tart crust, but it didn't. No, unmistakably it didn't, until I almost made up my mind that it (the paste) had made up its mind it wouldn't. Mix one pound of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder; then cut half a pound of butter into thin slices, roll it in very thin sheets on some of your flour, wet up the rest with about a quarter of a pint of water, see that it is about as stiff as your butter, roll it to a thin sheet, cover it up with four sheets of floured butter, double it three times thick; do this again four or five times, when it will be fit for your purpose, or if you are not quite ready to use it, it may stand aside for an hour if you cover it up well to keep out the air.—*Old Housekeeper.*

Sugar Kisses.—The following recipe was sent to me a few days ago with some others equally good, and it must have anticipated "Little Pug's" wishes, while we hope the tea party will prove a success, like the kisses. To the whites of five eggs two and a half cupfuls sugar, beaten together; flavor to taste; put in flavoring last. Drop on buttered paper (that has been spread on a bake-pan) not close enough for the kisses to touch, and brown slightly. The stiffer these are beaten, the better.—*Mrs. G. C. G.*

Apple Surprise.—I hope West Penn will be pleased with my recipe. Peel, core and slice about five nice cooking apples; sprinkle the slices with a spoonful of flour, one of grated bread, and a little sugar; have some lard quite hot in a small stew-pan, put the slices of apple in it and fry of a light yellow. When all are done, take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a good spoonful of grated bread, a spoonful of sugar and a teacupful of milk; put into the pan, and when they boil up throw in the apple slices. Hold the whole over the fire for two minutes, when it will be ready to serve.—*Bucks County.*

Breakfast Rolls.—I enclose one recipe which has been liked very much, and can send others if this is not the one "Young Beginner" wants. Mix one-half ounce of sifted white sugar in two pounds of the finest flour. Make a hole in the centre and put in about two tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast, mixed with a little water. Let it stand all night. In the morning add the yolks of two eggs, a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and sufficient warm milk to make it a proper consistence. Bake half an hour in a rather brisk oven. This makes twelve or fourteen rolls.—*Constant Reader.*

Freckles.—I appreciate "school-girl's" desire to remove that which is an annoyance to so many, and send her several recipes which were given to me:

1. Bruise and then squeeze the juice out of the common chickweed, and to this juice add three times its quantity of soft water. Bathe the skin with this for five or ten minutes, and wash afterwards with clean water night and morning. 2. Elder flowers treated and applied in exactly the same manner. When the flowers are not to be had, the distilled water from them (which may be procured from any druggist) will answer the same purpose. 3. Honey, one ounce, mixed with one pint of lukewarm water, when cold, it forms a good lotion. This is commonly called honey-wash. 4. Take carbonate of potassa, twenty grains; milk of almonds, three ounces; oil of sassafras, three drops. Mix and apply two or three times a day.—*Phœbus.*

A Pretty and Simple Ornament.—Having received a great many good ideas from the Fireside Chat, I hope my contribution may prove an addition to the list:

A pretty mantel-piece ornament may be obtained by suspending an acorn by a piece of thread tied around it, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, tumbler, or saucer, and allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon burst open, and small roots will seek the water; a straight and tapering stem, with beautiful glossy green leaves will shoot upward, and present a very pleasant appearance. Chestnut trees may be grown in the same manner, but their leaves are not as beautiful as those of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, taking care to supply water of the same warmth; bits of charcoal added to it will prevent the water from souring. If the little leaves turn yellow, add one drop of ammonia into the often all which holds the water, and they will renew their luxuriance.—*Country Girl.*

Will some of the contributors of the Ladies' Department of the SATURDAY EVENING POST who may know of some new and pretty designs for piecing a calico or worsted quilt, favor an old friend and reader of the Post with one.—*Mignon.*

Dear POST—Will some one of your readers give me suggestions about making pretty floor mats, not very expensive, and oblige.—*Down South.*

Will some one send the Fireside Chat a recipe for making Kentucky corn cake, and oblige.—*Eastern Girl.*

Have any of your readers ever made "Brown Bottles," and will they send me the recipe.—*Jennie Wren.*

I would like a good recipe for making macaroons.—*Texas Girl.*

Can any of your readers tell me how to make the preparations for coloring wood, ebony, walnut and others, as used now for fancy tables and panels.—*Western Worker.*

Can any of the Fireside Chat readers tell me how to make a plum pudding without suet.—*California Reader.*

PAY OF PRIMA DONNAS.

A German paper gives the following information relative to the amount received by various prima donnas for their professional services: The celebrated Impresario Luigi Riccabonni, who, in 1716, went to Paris at the direct invitation of the Regent, paid his first stars, the Flaminis, Sylvia and Violetta twenty sous per diem each. Of course they participated in the receipts besides, and as the first representation, which took place on the 18th of May, 1716, resulted in a yield of 4,068 livres, they certainly obtained a tolerably good income. Napoleon I., who, personally, was not very fond of music, was, nevertheless, exceedingly liberal to singers. Catalina sung twice before him at St. Cloud. He sent 5,000 francs for the performances, conferred upon her a pension for life of 12,000 francs per annum, and placed the opera house at her disposal for two concerts, the net profits of which were 50,000 francs. The diva was not, however, quite satisfied with this. After Napoleon had heard her in St. Cloud, he called upon her in her dressing-room, and asked, "Where are you going to, madame?" To London, sire." "Remain in Paris and you shall have 100,000 francs and two months' leave of absence." The lady bowed quietly and—went to London, where she had engagements. She was there engaged for the season at 250,000 francs, and her leave of absence gave her as much, and she was paid 5,000 francs to sing "God Save the King" at soirees. Blasis, a relatively obscure prima donna, was engaged at the Parisian Opera, in 1827, with an annual salary of 36,000 francs for life. She died young. Gloslop had a similar contract with the Paris opera, viz., 25,000 francs per annum. During a period of three years she only sung once, and thus one evening earned 75,000 francs—perhaps the highest sum which a single performance ever yielded to a singer. The largest receipt that Mlle. Sontag ever took was in London, where, on the occasion of her benefit, £2,000 was handed over to her. In Paris she received 30,000 francs for the season and a benefit night. Malibran had in Paris a salary of 75,000 francs, a benefit night and a leave of absence, during which she earned as much as her salary amounted to. In 1824 she was engaged at Drury Lane for forty representations, for which she received £3,200 and two benefits, with a guaranteed receipt of £2,400, or altogether £5,600 for ten weeks. Shortly before her death she signed an agreement for 600,000 francs, which is more than Patti ever received.

EIGHTY-TWO years ago there were but twenty-five post offices in all this country.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

EDITHA HETTY, (Benton, Ind.)—Salt will not help to clean the teeth; it melts directly. A powder is required. Prepared charcoal is an excellent dentifrice.

FRIDAY, (Passaic, N. J.)—It would be highly indelicate and improper for a young lady to take the initiative in a love correspondence with a gentleman.

J. M., (Litchfield, Conn.)—A port is a harbor in a river, and a sea-port is a harbor on the sea. A "bar" is a collection of sand or stones, or both, at the mouth of a harbor.

LIONEL, (Norfolk, Mass.)—The name Thomas is Hebrew in origin, and means a twin. Jane is the feminine of John, Hebrew in origin, and meaning the grace of the Lord.

MAGGIE L., (Hampshire, W. Va.)—A nursery governess must be able to teach all the rudiments of education in respect to writing, ciphering, grammar, geography and history.

ZENOBIUS, (Harlan, Neb.)—Occasional redness of the nose may arise from indigestion, but a permanent redness may probably be ascribed to a scorbutic disorder, and a medical man should be consulted.

MACGREGOR, (Sullivan, N. H.)—The phrase "from Thursday to Thursday" only comprises seven days, because it means from the first Thursday mentioned to the moment when the second Thursday is about to begin.

FRIEND, (Monroe, Pa.)—When a widow marries a second husband she usually lays aside her first wedding-ring and only wears the second. But it would be very bad taste to have the second ceremony performed with the first wedding-ring.

MAY WEBB, (Fitzpatrick, Ala.)—We do not think from the sample you have sent us that it is worth your while to practice writing for the press. You might with experience make a passable writer, but at present your style is rather amateurish.

MINNIE M., (Pushling, Ohio.)—When a person is naturally pale, and remains so despite proper exercise, wholesome diet and regular hours, there is no remedy of any kind. The idea of eating arsenic must not be thought of for a moment.

NED, (Douglass, Ga.)—Eight thousand and sixty-four languages are spoken in the world—five hundred and eighty-seven in Europe; eight hundred and ninety-six in Asia; two hundred and seventy-six in Africa, and twelve hundred and sixty-four in America.

DORA MAY, (Somerset, N. J.)—It is not the color of the hair and eyes that must be regarded in the choice of dress, so much as the complexion. Almost any dress will suit brown hair and eyes, provided the complexion be good and healthy with the due admixture of pink and white.

LYCEUM, (Chautauqua, N. Y.)—A recent Belgian publication shows that the actual population of the earth is about a thousand millions, about equally divided between males and females. Every year about 33,000,000 die; every day 91,551; every hour 3,780; every minute 63. Therefore there is a death every second.

GEORGE, (Annapolis, Md.)—The modern places of amusement are not so capacious as the ancient. The new Grand Opera House at Paris is considered very large, its seating capacity being nearly 2,000, but the remains of the old Greek Theatre at Syracuse show that there were comfortable places within its walls for 24,000 persons.

L. M., (Lawrence, Ill.)—The organs of taste are tongue and palate, though a number of persons have not the power of tasting except with the tongue, and others only with the palate. The taste remains longer on the palate than on the tongue, and anything bitter or disagreeable can be tasted longer than that which is sweet or pleasant.

F. C., (York, Me.)—There is no cure for near sight, it arises entirely from the shape of the eye. It is not at all absurd or ridiculous to wear glasses, and we should scarcely think you would be laughed at for doing so. If so, you should at once avoid the society of any person who would be so cruel and cowardly as to ridicule a physical infirmity.

KATE, (Northampton, Pa.)—No special mode of dressing the hair can be recommended as the prettiest, because the hair should be dressed to suit the style of the face. The age of eighteen is not too young for marriage. You cannot compel the young gentleman to return your portrait; but when an engagement is broken off, it is unhandsome not to do so.

PHŒBE, (Bradley, Ky.)—"Execution" is a term in music used to signify a facility in performing difficult divisions and intricate passages with easy velocity, combined with grace, feeling, and just intonation. Without considerable skill in this respect, you must not think of enjoying a "professional career." An indifferent voice, by judicious cultivation, and by constant practice may be so far improved as to acquire compass and flexibility.

VAUXHALL, (Chittenden, Vt.)—The song "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town" was composed by James Hook, a very popular and prolific composer of his day. He was born at Norwich, England, in 1746, and died about thirty years ago, leaving two sons, the Rev. Dr. Hook, prebendary of Winchester and Theodore Edward Hook; the latter a man of most versatile talents—an improvisatore in music and poetry—a clever novelist and journalist.

A MOTHER, (Orange N. C.)—To lay down precise rules for the dress of children is so changeable and varied a climate as ours, would be simply absurd. The dress must be regulated by the season, the temperature, and the vigor of the child. Common sense, not fashion, should rule. During the summer months, the dress should be light and airy-fitting; and, and in the middle of an excessively warm day, no harm, of course, could result from the shoulders and arms being uncovered; but in the evening, at least an hour before sunset, a dress should be substituted. Many a severe cold, ending in croup, and perhaps death, has been contracted by the neglecting of this precaution.

J. M. K., (Phila., Pa.)—We cannot tell you "why the sentence:

"All the means that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan,"

is incorrect," because it is NOT incorrect. If you read it at sight, placing the emphasis on "that," and connecting it with "which," you will see your error in supposing it wrong. The following transposition using the same grammatical elements, will show it perhaps more clearly: "The means whereby it was done (display all that grace of the same grace (or power) which drew (contrived, or designed) the wondrous plan."

J. S. H., (Hancock, Ind.)—George Sand, the Baroness Dudevant—she assumed the name from a romantic connection with Jules Sandeau, an eminent French novelist—was, strictly speaking, an immoral writer. She seems to have had a penchant for young men of genius—such as Chopin, the composer, and Alfred de Musset, the poet. Her first novel—Indiana—sold for six hundred francs, being followed by Rose et Blanche, which was written in conjunction with Sandeau. The name Georges Sand was taken as an epicene one, and combines part of her friend's name. La Petite Fadette, Horace, Valentine, La Mare du Diable, and many other romances are by her. Consuelo, written about thirty years ago, is her best. She was a woman of very vivid genius, and her style must be characterized as fine, flowing and picturesque.

QUEEN OF THE SEAS, (Erie, Pa.)—England has 162 active vessels of war and 620 that may be called out when needed. She has 60,000 sailors, 15,000 marines and 5,626 officers. France has 115 active vessels and 78 in reserve, 48,000 sailors with 1,800 officers, and 10,000 marines with 280 officers, 4 monster ironclads, and 9 smaller coast boats. Germany has 31 active and 48 in reserve, 8,000 sailors and marines with 300 officers, and 2 ironclads. Russia has 96 active vessels, mostly small, 30,000 sailors with 2,000 officers—only one-third serving on board ship—and one monster ironclad. Austria has 68 active vessels, 7,000 sailors with 300 officers. Italy has 65 active vessels, 12,000 sailors with 425 officers and 3,000 marines with 125 officers, and 2 monster ironclads, the largest in existence, carrying a 100-ton guns. Turkey has 32 active vessels and 10 in reserve, 24,000 sailors and marines with 1,000 officers, and 7 ironclads. Spain has 128 active vessels, 21,000 sailors and marines with officers, and 3 small ironclads. Greece has 24 active vessels, 7,000 sailors and marines. Denmark has 33 active vessels, and 10,000 sailors and marines.

SCHOLEY, (Worcester, Mass.)—Gunpowder is composed of saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur. The saltpetre having been freely refined is melted into cakes, which are then crushed to remove any adhering grit or dirt, broken into pieces with a mallet, ground to a fine powder in a mill, and sifted through a fine bolting sieve of brass wire. The charcoal is that of dog-wood, alder, or willow, and is carefully burnt, and is then reduced to powder as above. The sulphur is refined and ground to the same fineness as the other two ingredients. The three substances are then weighed out in the proper proportions, and mixed by placing them gradually in a wooden vessel, in alternate and equal layers, after which the whole is thoroughly and perfectly mixed together. The mixture is then sifted, and carefully ground to a paste with water, and pressed into a hard cake, which is next broken into pieces, granulated by agitation in parchment sieves, and after being glazed by friction in a revolving cylinder, is dried with proper precaution in a stove heated to about a hundred degrees. The proportions of the ingredients differ in different countries.

ESTER, (Juab, Utah.)—Although the Old Testament has been cited in Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses as quite negative in regard to the immortality of the soul, still no one who reads it but knows and feels that the Jews asserted it, and that our Saviour in bringing life and immortality to light merely expounded the law. That the Jews both believed and denied it we have the testimony of the New Testament, but the Pharisees who affirmed it were the most learned and the orthodox sect. Our best advice to you is to read the Psalms—see especially Ps. xlix. 7, 8 and 19 and 20, where the meaning is that even in this world, the wicked shall never see light, and be likened with (or a like fate with) the beasts that perish. It follows that the good will see light. See also the whole tenor of Job—not the common text about the worm, which makes against immortality, Job actually persisting that even yet, in this life, God's mercy would be with him. Separate texts may be cited, but other texts can be brought to clash with them, except perhaps that of Dan. xii. 3 and 4, which positively assert the resurrection. Read, therefore, the books referred to.

A TEXAS RANCHERO, (San Marcos, Tex.)—Although it has been a close object of investigation for centuries, the sun is as yet imperfectly understood, even by the most advanced scientists. A great many different and opposite theories are extant concerning it, each of which have eminent advocates. Some claim that its heat is generated by pressure—the condensation of its parts giving out latent heat. Others say that it is fed with fuel by comets and meteors, an idea that first emanated during the last century, and is again being revived. Others attribute its heat to electricity, and some assert that the sun in itself is without warmth, that sensation being produced on earth merely by the contact of its light with our atmosphere. It may be also that the same laws of matter do not exist there that are necessary upon the globe, and oxygen or its chemical equivalent in the process of combustion, may perhaps be present, although as yet undiscovered. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to assume that combustion takes place in the sun, as caloric or natural heat may exist in a high degree without the